

TWO LITTLE BALLS.

BY MARY L. BRANCH.

GEORGIE's papa brought home one day a beautiful red and blue ball that you could make bound to the ceiling, and that would not break the glass if you threw it against the window. Just the right kind of a ball for a little boy who had to play in the house a good deal of the time; and mamma said he might toss it in the sitting-room all he wanted to, and even in the parlor a little, when he had company, if he would be very careful.

Georgie was very happy with his new ball, and after playing with it all the afternoon, took it to bed at night, and I suppose still kept on playing with it in "the beautiful land of Bye-Lo." It certainly was the first thing he thought of the next morning, and he was very glad when he remembered that his Cousin Alice was coming to spend part of the day, for then his mother would let him play ball in the parlor.

As soon as Alice reached the gate, she saw Georgie watching for her at the window, holding up the ball in his hand, and she ran in as quick as she could.

"O, what a beautiful ball!" she exclaimed, when she saw the red and blue colors. "I wish I had one, too."

"Papa gave me this," said Georgie, making it bound all over the floor as he

spoke. "I caught it seventy-three times in a row this morning."

"I know my papa would give me one, too, if he was here," said little Alice. "But he can't when he's in his ship away off the other side of the world."

"Well, you can play with me," replied George, benevolently. "Stand over by the sofa, and I'll throw."

So they tossed the ball back and forth for a good half hour, and then took turns "bounding it." Alice kept it bounding once for ten minutes before she stopped. But one grows tired of playing ball at last, even if it is a new ball, and all painted red and blue. Alice gave it a final toss, where she did not know nor care, and exclaimed:

"Let's play something else; let's play steamboat!"

"Well," said Georgie. "And the rocking-chair can be engine and boiler!"

So they played steamboat, *two* steamboats, in fact, and had a collision, which brought the rocking-chair down with a great crash. Then they played house, and used nearly all the furniture in the room for it, so that when Georgie's mamma came at last to call them to lunch, she hardly recognized the pretty parlor, everything was in so much confusion. But as soon as she had seated

the children at their little round table, to eat biscuits and jam, she went quietly to work and set the sofa and chairs all back in their places. Then, after lunch, she took Georgie and his cousin out into the flower garden, until it was time for Alice to go home.

The rest of the day promised to be all peace and quiet, so mamma sat down with a new magazine in her hand. But hardly had she finished cutting the leaves, when Georgie came running in to ask where she had put his ball.

"I haven't touched it at all, dear," she said. "I haven't seen it since morning."

"Why, we left it in the parlor," said Georgie, in great perplexity; "and now I can't find it there at all."

"O, look again," said mamma; "you're not a very good hunter, you know."

So Georgie looked again, in every corner, and was sure it was not there. Then mamma put her book down and looked too, but had to confess at last that she could not find it, either.

"Maybe Alice put it in her pocket and carried it home by mistake," she suggested.

"O no, mamma!" replied Georgie, hopelessly. "Don't you remember she turned her pocket inside out when we were in the garden, to get crumbs for the birds?"

"Sure enough! Well, I'll give it up," said mamma, returning to her reading. But Georgie could not give it up so easily, and the tears began to come in his eyes, for fear he should never see his little red and blue ball again. It was a mystery. Georgie felt so bad, that every one in the house grew sympathetic, and every one by turns looked for that ball, under the table, under the sofa pillows, even in the big vases; and papa went out in the yard and searched in the yard and searched in the grass under the windows. But it was all in vain; nobody could find the little red and blue ball.

The next day papa brought home another ball, just like the first, only it was pink and green. Georgie was pleased to have it, though in his heart he could not think it quite so pretty as the dear lost one, and he was sure it did not bound *quite* so high. He played with it a good deal, but did not take it to bed with him.

It was not long before Alice came again to play with her little cousin, and she thought the new pink and green ball was a

great deal prettier than the one that was lost.

"I don't believe but the pussy cat rolled that away to play with," she said. And this seemed such a bright idea that the children went at once to search in all pussy's favorite haunts. They found pussy herself at last in a dark barrel, purring over two beautiful little kittens who had just got their eyes open; but there was no red and blue ball anywhere around.

So the children gave up looking for it at last, and went back to the parlor to play house again. They built a very elaborate house in one corner which took every chair in the room, and even then did not have enough. Alice was head builder and gave the orders.

"Pick up that crimson footstool, Georgie," she said, "and bring it to me for a chimney."

The footstool was really an empty box turned over and covered with crimson cloth. Georgie lifted it up to take over to Alice, when suddenly he spied beneath it something that was not one of the figures on the carpet.

"My ball! my ball!" he shouted, in an ecstasy.

And sure enough it was the little red and blue ball, which had been hiding there all the time. Georgie hugged it to his heart.

"Now you have two," said Alice, very practically.

"I'll give you the pink and green one, Ally," replied Georgie, with quick generosity; and for the rest of the day there were not two happier children in all the county than these two little cousins with their gay-colored balls.

But the very next day the pink and green ball met with an adventure which might have ended seriously, if it had not been a rubber ball. Georgie went over to Alice's house to play, and the cousins betook themselves to the garret for a grand game of toss and catch. It was so warm up there that they presently opened the skylight in the roof; and in less than five minutes, by an unlucky side throw, Alice's ball bounded out at the opening and disappeared. They could hear it rolling down the roof, and then it fell off—but where? They ran down stairs and out in the yard, hunting all around in the grass, but the little ball was nowhere to be seen.

"Now I know exactly how you felt, Geor-

gle!" said Alice, with a quiver in her voice.

But just then Georgie gave a shout. He had climbed up the side of the hog'shead, and looking over, saw the ball quietly floating about upon the water below.

It was nothing but fun after that to get it out. They tied a little basket on a string and let it down to the rescue. The water ran into the basket so it sank as far as the string would let it, and then the children

drew it under the ball, and pulled both out in triumph.

"What dreadful times we do have with our balls!" said Alice, as she dried hers in her apron; and she and Georgie both wondered what the balls would do next.

But the balls had no more adventures; they never strayed away again, but lived quiet happy ball-lives, each with its own loving little owner.

TWO LOVERS.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"FRANCE, you treat Sam Hastings shamefully!"

"Do I?—I'm sorry."

"You act as though you were, galivanting around with that be-curved and be-frizzled dandy, that nobody on earth knows anything about, and leaving the man to whom you've been engaged for the last six months, to amuse himself as best he may!"

"Don't get excited, Aunt Polly, please don't; there is no use in it whatever—"

"I aint excited, and my name isn't Polly, please," retorted auntie, her head bobbing up and down as she spoke.

"Dear Aunt Betsey—"

"Don't you Betsey me—"

"What shall I call you?" I asked, with a little show of meekness.

"Call me by my right name, France, and give up flirting with that Leonard, that's all I ask."

"Blessed Aunt Mary, then, if that suits you any better; but as for Mr. Leonard, that's quite another matter."

I turned to the book from which she had aroused me, that most charming of charming works, Leighton Court. I was at that interesting point where young Hammersley was supposed to be drowned; where the heroine, Laura, was left alone to brood over her sorrow which no one but her quaint old Scotch nurse dreamed anything of. Just at that moment I cared more for the fictitious sorrows before me, than for any which my kind aunt could portray. I tried to assure her of this by silently dropping my face down close to the infatuating pages (I was a little near-sighted), and moving my chair nearer to the window, and so further from her.

"Leonard gave you that book?"

No answer. She did not even honor my devoted lover with the title of Mr.

"Got that book from the library? Sam Hastings didn't loan it to you?"

No answer. I was reading about a tablet put up upon the church wall to Poyntz-Hammersley, and how the elk slept under the elms in the park.

"When I was a girl, I never sat down to read until I was dressed for the evening—

no one ever caught me in a shabby unbecoming gown lounging about—"

Aunt Mary was bent on having a quarrel. I was well and becomingly dressed, none knew better than myself. The pretty organdie that I wore with a bit of old lace at the throat and wrists was my particular delight. This particular afternoon, it was set off by a new coral pin—a spray carved into the shape of a score of drooping fuchsias.

"I am well-dressed, Aunt Polly!"

"There it is again, *Pollying* me. You never did that until that Leonard came here—the dandy!"

I tossed my book away. There was no such thing as reading with such a bombardment of words as my aunt kept up.

"That must be Sam's book. You wouldn't treat Leonard's in that way."

"It's *my* book, Aunt Polly. I bought it at the bookstore. I certainly have a right to do as I please with what is my own."

"With books—not with hearts. You've tossed poor Sam's heart away with just that scornful hoity-toity air, you know you have, France."

"Indeed!"

"Ah?"

"You've stepped on his heart!"

"Poor thing."

"You've ground it under your heel like dust. You've—you've—you've made a fool of yourself, France Tasker!"

"Thank you. You are getting eloquent."

"Ah, I am, am I? Look at the gate, who's that? O, the be-frizzled jackanape, there he is again! See his cane—see his drab suit—the fop!"

I arose quietly, and went to meet the gentleman whom my aunt saw fit to honor with so many strange epithets. He never merited them less, I thought, than at that moment, as he stood awaiting my coming.

"I brought your mail, Miss France," he said. "It looked so like rain that I thought you would not care to venture down street this afternoon."

"Thank you."

I took the one thin little envelop from

his hand, and placed it in my pocket without looking at it.

"You are not curious," Mr. Leonard said, smiling. "I couldn't pocket a letter so coolly."

"It is for me, then? I hadn't given it a thought."

"For you, and bears the postmark of Cranston."

I was a little curious then, but for reason (I could not for the life of me have told what it was) I did not gratify my curiosity. Afterwards I saw and knew it all.

We stood and chatted some twenty minutes by the gate. While we were there it grew misty and damp, and looking down the river, I could see long lines of fog creeping slowly up the green banks.

"What a disagreeable day," I said. "Just such a one as always gives me bad impressions—miserable foreboding."

"Superstitious, eh?" He said this, switching a little tuft of grass pinks with his cane, as he spoke. "I thought you were above such things."

"Did you?"

I might have said something more, but at that moment I caught sight of my aunt's bright eyes at the half-open shutter. Poor Leonard! auntie's pinks were her pets. I expected every moment to see her spring out of the door and "shoo" him away, as she would have done a chicken or a calf.

"What disagreeable impressions have you to-day, Miss France?" he asked, suddenly, looking straight into my face.

"I cannot give them words," I answered, thinking more of the fine eyes that were looking into mine, than of the question asked.

My aunt was still at the window. Just then she gave a little hard sharp cough to keep me in remembrance of her, I suppose.

"I hope that cough of Mrs. Grey's isn't hereditary," Mr. Leonard said, laughing.

I shook my head.

"It may be, though, if I keep you out in this damp air much longer, dear—"

He stopped short, and bit his lips.

"I forgot myself—forgive me—good-by."

I found myself blushing at that one little endearing word, the first that he had ever used in speaking to me. He did not stay longer, but walked rapidly down the street, not once glancing back to see if I stood watching him.

Did this man care for me, then? Was

his love the evil of which I had had a presentiment all the long summer day? Did I care for him—and engaged the while to another? I paced up and down the brick walk with these questions revolving in my mind. The clicking of the gate-latch aroused me. Turning around, I met Sam Hastings, face to face. He was unlike the handsome man who had just left me. He was a little awkward and unwieldy in his carriage; was shy and reticent in his manners, but true and trusty at heart. By nature he was grand and noble, and I knew that his love for me, taking the color of his own truth, had magnified me, weak and trivial though I was, into everything that was beautiful and sweet in womanhood.

"O Sam—Mr. Hastings," I said, in a confused way. "I did not know that you were coming."

"No, I suppose not," he answered, quietly, half smiling at the title which I had given him. "I want to speak to you a moment, but it is too damp here."

"The damp won't hurt me; I am proof against it. I have been out here for a good half hour already."

"The very reason why you should go in now."

"I don't know what had possession of me, that I should answer him so, but I said, tartly and haughtily:

"I shall not go in. I could not breathe within the four walls of a room, feeling as I do now."

He looked me over with his clear blue eyes. I thought, just then, that he was going to leave me forever.

"Well!"

This was in answer to what I had translated from his face. His cool quiet manner irritated me exceedingly.

"Mr. Leonard just left here."

"Yes sir."

"I met him as I came up the street."

"Yes."

"Do you care for him, Fannie?"

He asked the question in the gentlest of tones. I had no right to be annoyed.

"If I do—what?"

"If you do, why nothing, only prayers for your happiness."

"O!"

"I came to-day to ask you to be a little cautious in your intercourse with him, at least: until you know more of him."

"Thank you."

"For your sake I ask this—"

"Disinterested?" I broke in.

He did not answer for a moment. I looked up into his face. It was a little flushed, but his lips were firm.

"Yes, disinterested, for I gave you up weeks ago!"

I could not help the little start of surprise which I gave.

"You are late in giving me your confidence, Mr. Hastings. I should have been more frank with you."

"Perhaps so, Fannie; but I did not come here to give you unkind words, I only wanted to tell you that by a singular chance to-day, I learned something of Mr. Leonard. Were you a stranger to me, I should think it my duty to caution you the same. I only ask you, as it is, to wait until you have learned more of him before you—"

"What?"

"Trust yourself to him irrevocably."

"Your imagination takes tremendous strides, sir," I said, bitterly.

He smiled me an answer, and turned to go. But I could not have it so. He was so far above me; he bore with me so tenderly and patiently, and yet his words irritated rather than soothed me! If he had flung back taunt for taunt, bitterness for bitterness, I should have been for the moment satisfied, but afterwards?

"A moment, sir. You have given me up, you say. I want it understood now, so that there need be no misunderstanding in the future."

"I gave you up, because I felt that I must, Fannie—God knows that I did not do it willingly. Do not pervert my meaning."

"I only judge you by your words, and so will take the freedom which you gave me."

As he said this, he turned and left me, while I walked moodily towards the house. At the door Aunt Mary met me, her eyes red with tears.

"How could you talk in that way to him, France, how could you? I can't help it, I shall have to shake you."

She had me by the shoulder before I could get past her.

"Shake away, auntie," I said, "it won't hurt me; only be careful of that rheumatic shoulder."

"There, there!" taking me by the other shoulder; "see if that won't shake some good sense into you, France?"

It was so ludicrous that I burst into a fit of laughter. She was so little; I was a head taller. Her cap border flew back and forth, while the long strings danced up and down on her shoulders.

"You are getting the shaking, not I, Aunt Mary, and I'm not quite sure but what you deserve it. You've been listening."

"How could I help it? and O France, when I loved that boy so! How could you talk in that way!"

Dear Aunt Mary! her grief touched my heart; and feeling the tears welling up to my eyes, I stole away from her to be alone with my thoughts. As I reached my chamber, I drew my handkerchief from my pocket; as I did so, the mysterious letter post-marked "Cranston" fell to the carpet. It had been forgotten until that moment.

It was nothing, after all; only a note from my friend Mrs. Marks, who lived out three or four miles in the country. She wanted me to spend two or three days with her while her husband was absent. She would send the carriage for me that very evening. I said the note was nothing, and yet, little as it was in itself, how much depended upon it!

Before I could change my dress for something darker and heavier, Mrs. Marks's carriage was at the door. I was very glad to go. My own thoughts were too unpleasant to dwell upon, alone. My friend was lively and cheerful; in her society I might partially forget the trouble which I had rashly brought upon myself. I shall never forget the evening that followed. The air was gray with mist, and the wind shying around to the east grew chilly and cold. There was a bright fire made in the parlor grate, and before it we lunched, read, sang and at last told stories. All the strange stories of housebreaking, robberies, cutthroats and thieves that we could remember, we recounted to each other.

"If we only had Aunt Mary here! She has a store of such yarns laid up for firesides like this."

"I'm not sure but what we've heard enough already," Mrs. Marks said, with a little shrug of the shoulders, glancing towards the windows. "We are alone to-night—no one but the servants in the house."

"Just the time for an adventure. I am naturally brave, I think—only I never have had a chance to prove my bravery."

"I hope you won't have to-night. It gives me a chill to think of it."

"For your sake I hope not. Where is the silver kept?"

"In the dining-room sideboard. Here are the keys. Will you take them?"

"O no! If any one should come, they would not trouble you for the keys. Robbers are usually furnished with such implements."

"You are very serious over it, France. But look, how late it is—half past twelve already. We shall sleep soundly at any rate."

Just then the wind gave a little howl around the corner of the house.

"There is something almost human in that," Mrs. Marks said, looking up nervously into my face.

"It is a cry that savors of heartache, most certainly," I answered, giving a little sigh. I was thinking of Sam Hastings!

"I shall give you the room adjoining mine," Mrs. Marks said, crossing the hall as she spoke. "We can leave the door open between, so if anything happens it will be the same as though we were together."

"The servants' rooms are over the kitchen and dining-room, I believe."

"Yes, and really the only serviceable chambers in the house."

While undressing, Mrs. Marks said a great deal more about the house, and the rambling way in which it was built; how they were going to have the roof raised half a story in the spring, that would give them the room which I occupied for a library; her room was just the thing for a sitting-room. It would be nice in winter, because the windows opened east and west—she could have the sunlight all day long. With this she lowered the wick (my light had been out for a good five minutes) so that it gave me only a little dot of light; said good-night, and was soon asleep.

I said my prayers a dozen times—praying alternately for Sam Hastings and Mr. Leonard; thought over and over again the stories which Mrs. Marks had told me; listened to the wind as it moaned about the windows; revolved in my mind the possibility of a person's getting into the house without arousing me—all this, and more, but still sleep came not to my eyes, nor slumber to my eyelids.

After a while (I was repeating in whispers little scraps of Tennyson's *Maud*), it

seemed to me that I heard footsteps near my window. I listened; everything grew silent in an instant. It was very plain that I was nervous. I commenced on *Maud* again:

"Scorned to be scorned by one that I scorn,
Is that a matter to make me fret?
That a calamity hard to be borne?
Well, he may live to hate me yet,
Fool that I was to be vexed with his pride:
I passed him—"

I heard a quick sharp sound that thoroughly aroused me. It was like the rasping of a file—the sound seemed to come from the dining-room. I thought at once of Mrs. Marks's silver. Again all was silent, and resting back upon my pillow, I listened, my heart beating loud and fast. By-and-by I thought I heard a step. Still some of the servants might be up, there could be nothing strange in that. Yet I arose softly, closed the door between Mrs. Marks's room and mine, slipped on a white wrapper over my gown, put on my slippers, and with my hair hanging down my back, stole softly out into the hall. A pretty figure indeed to frighten away a robber!

The dining-room opened from the back parlor; my room was exactly opposite the latter, the doors facing each other. I had no light, and yet I opened the parlor door noiselessly, and groped my way to the dining-room door. Kneeling, I placed my eye to the keyhole. There was a faint light—a noise like the clinking of silver. Some one was at the sideboard. Without stopping to think what I was doing, I threw open the door, and sprang into the room. The robber wheeled around suddenly, letting a heavy ladle slip from his fingers to the floor, and we stood face to face, *Arthur Leonard and I*.

"My God! how came you here?"

"And how came you here?" I answered.

"I—I—there is no use in saying it, Miss Frances."

"None at all; you are a house-breaker—a robber!"

As I said this, his face grew bold and hard.

"I am your prisoner. You can betray me if you like."

"Betray you? God help you—not I! That is for others to do."

My answer softened him; he came towards me, and would have taken my hand. I drew away from him. In a moment he was on his knees before me.

"As God is my witness, this was to have been the last. I thought I would get enough to-night to make out my fortune, enough to—"

He hesitated.

"Go on."

"Enough to get a beautiful home for you!"

I shuddered.

"You knew I cared for you, but I did not tell you so—I would not tell you so until I had left this life."

"You will leave it now?" I said. "Swear this as you kneel—before God—before the pitying Christ—"

"*Before you!*" he added, raising his head.

"You will be an honest man."

"An honest man! Let me give you this token."

He tried to draw a ring from his little finger. I shook my head.

"No, it was not stolen—my mother gave it to me when she was dying."

"Keep it—now go; no, no more words."

"I shall never see you again, never," he said, turning away.

"Never! God help you."

I stood and watched him go from the room as he had gained it, through the window.

"Just a word, a moment," he pleaded, as I was about to close the shutters upon him. "I was not always bad!"

"No, no, we were all innocent on our mothers' bosoms."

He said something in answer (we had conversed in whispers), I do not know what, and then disappeared in the darkness. I fastened the window, groped my way back to my room, thanking the good Father who had so mercifully cared for me.

The next morning there was a great excitement in the house. Some one had broken into the dining-room, filed the sideboard lock, tumbled all the silver out on the floor, and—left it! Strangest of all, Mrs. Marks kept saying, "left it!"

I had little to say about it. I looked at

the broken blind; saw where the pane of glass had been removed, and the sideboard lock filed; saw the silver on the floor, and was silent.

"Now where's your heroism, France?" laughed Mrs. Marks. "You slept through it all, just as I did. I wonder what drove him away!"

Mrs. Marks was happily in that state of mind that she did not require answers to her questions. Her mind was so fully occupied that whatever was strange and unnatural in my appearance passed unheeded. I remained with her two days and heard the mysterious affair recounted some three or four hundred times during that period. I was never called upon to tell it, although it was frequently mentioned, in a laughing way, that I had boasted of my courage the night before, and then had slept through it all.

Aunt Mary was quite herself when I returned home; said that Mr. Leonard left the very day after I went away. She shouldn't wonder if it was he who had tumbled the silver around over Mrs. Marks's dining-room; she never had thought any better of him.

"Aunt Mary!" I ejaculated, in such a manner that she never reverted to the subject again.

I kept Arthur Leonard's secret from all save one; and that one Samuel Hastings. It did not surprise him, he said, he had been expecting to hear something of the kind for weeks, though not from my lips.

Much to Aunt Mary's joy, our quarrel (if anything so one-sided could be called by that name) was immediately made up, and the Christmas following we were married.

"I do believe that a shaking brings France to her senses the quickest of anything, Sam," auntie said, the evening of our wedding.

"How's that, Mrs. Gray?" asked my husband.

Aunt Mary told her story, ending by warning him to keep it in remembrance against the time when I should prove refractory.

UNDER-GARMENTS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL.

BY SALLIE J. BATLEY.

WE take the ground that every moment saved from material labor is gained to mental and physical.

The improvement in every department of ready-made clothing marks a pleasing era in commercial advancement, the machinery employed by the furnishing houses made to do the work for the multitudes better than human hands could do it, and constant im-



provements are being made in the manner and material of these articles. Dealers are really enabled to furnish them at less cost than one can purchase the goods and have the work done at home.

Many of our large importers employ peasant women at a few sous daily, who embroider the hand-made garments in the neatest manner for a song, thus enabling buyers here to possess them at marvellously low figures. They cost even less in proportion than machine-made garments of American manufacture. They are stylish and comfortable.

The French sacque chemise, shaped simply with a draw-string about the neck, has come into general use. A novelty in these is in the Pompadour style; made square and half high on the shoulders, it is almost without fullness, and requires to be as carefully fitted as a dress.

The sacque chemise is made without an opening in the neck, and has the sleeves cut in the garment. The "gussets and bands" of the poet's lay are abolished. Elaborate trimmings around the bottom of chemises is a new feature in underwear.

French and English cambrics and percales are the materials used for these garments.

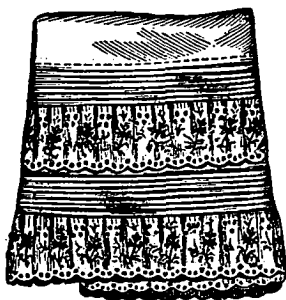
Pompadour nightdresses have square yokes, backs and fronts, and the fullness behind flows away in a graceful wateau fold.

Coat-shaped sleeves supersede those with cuffs for gowns.

Imported hand-made dressing sacques, embroidered, are now sold as low as \$2.25. These are gracefully sloped to the figure, and are more worn than the elaborate morning-ropes once in vogue.

Newly imported corset covers have the old-fashioned round waist with the high cover attached. All such articles of apparel are neatly made, with a French fell sewed on one side and stitched on the other.

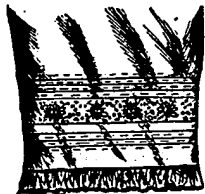
Petticoats are made fuller than formerly, with the fullness thrown to the centre of the back. Narrow side gores guard the front breadth, and those at the back are plain, drawn with tapes to suit the size of the wearer.



This drawstring waistband is likewise employed for drawers, and is more comfortable than a band. Closed drawers are thought to be unhealthy, and are less used than formerly.

Turkish drawers are not so generally liked as other styles, unless the band be left loose enough to put the foot through; otherwise they are very wide at the bottom.

Drawers are imported with only the embroidery completed; and it is well to have them made at home, as a perfect fit is most desirable.



The method of buying shirts half finished, so that the particular portions may be carefully hand finished, is likewise a good one.

A lady has invented hygeine undergarments, in which the shoulders, instead of

the hips, form the base of support, allowing unimpeded action to the limbs and chest.

An excellent specimen embodies the che-



mise, drawers, corset and skirt supporter in one, and is a marvellous invention.

The comfortable garments for small folk are another feature of modistic triumph. Healthy and happy little children grow into communities of useful and prosperous men and women.

VICTOIRE,

—OR,—

THE TURNS OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

SEEING THE WORLD.

WITH the elegant and attractive gaming saloon which had the honor to be under the patronage of Monsieur Le Grignac there was associated a little theatre. This amiable monsieur was of that charmingly versatile people whose exquisite taste has made them purveyors to the fancy of all the world; and out of the old grand ducal reception-room from which an Englishman would have evolved only a frigid stately apartment, fit to give one a shiver to look into, monsieur had made the prettiest cosiest place of entertainment on the continent, or, at least, at Baden-Baden—all draped with hangings as rosy as the summer clouds, its panels covered with charmingly quaint devices, cupids and fauns, nymphs with lovely faces, gods and goddesses all human in their beauty, dancing girls garlanded with flowers that bloomed upon the walls as fresh and bright as in the fair green fields that skirt the wicked delightful little town.

It was quite incredible what pains monsieur had taken. He had ransacked Europe for gems, made the close dingy old Roman picture-shops disgorge their treasures, hunted up the best artists (they lived in garrets, and were mostly unknown, and glad to work for what would keep soul and body together), and profited by their dainty conceptions, and all this out of pure benevolence and a desire to see his patrons happy. A most amiable man was this Monsieur Grignac, but not a particularly handsome one. A long hooked nose, a saturnine brow, sharp gray eyes that have at times a yellow glint and a feline sparkle in them, a pale bilious complexion—that is Monsieur Grignac as he comes out of the little retiring-room, and looks around upon his guests. But we must remember that a man may be very homely as well as very good, and it would be quite wrong to condemn poor Monsieur Le Grignac on account of his

plain face. We may as well set it down as a bit of imagination, this notion that when monsieur comes out of his office he has very much the air of a wild beast of prey, with that stealthy look of his, and that shy way of casting about those yellow-gray eyes, for is not his manner the very quintessence of good-humor and affability?

"Good evening, messieurs. Ah, it is the handsome *c'est le beau American*," in an undertone. "*Ciel!* Monsieur, how charmed I am to see you. Madame Le Grignac, she will also be charmed. You do not play to-night? Very well. You do well. I approve not of playing; but what would you? Young men will be young, therefore I keep a few tables, a very few, for those dear young friends who love the play. Yet I felicitate myself that monsieur does not play. Monsieur will honor the theatre. There is a dance that shall please monsieur."

The person who had accompanied the handsome Americans now came forward and presented them as candidates for his friend's favor.

"Captain Vincent Wallace. I am charmed! Monsieur Willoughby, it is too much honor. Monsieur is too kind—I can only pray that monsieur's friends may be entertained in my little house," said the affable Grignac, bowing and smiling, and shaking hands all around, and then bowing and so forth all around the second time. His mouth was very large and wide, and it had a trick of remaining open after its work of smiling was finished; and as the teeth were long and yellow, and the livid under lip hung loosely, he was not by any means a pleasant spectacle. But the young men were in no wise displeased, having come out to see the world, and expecting to find peculiar people in it. In fact, they were rather pleased to be so affably received by the famous Monsieur Le Grignac, the proprietor of the largest gaming-house—Stay, what are we about? Monsieur would have

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held up his immaculate hands in horror. It was only a little *salon* that he maintained—he merely, so to speak, kept open doors for his friends, he did so love to see young people happy!

If any tragic scenes had been enacted at this charming retreat, such as for example the shooting of the young German duke, last season, or the stabbing of the French marquis, who rolled over upon the floor, and, his pallid face streaked with his own blood, died cursing Le Grignac and the roulette table, no one, as monsieur protested with tears in his honest eyes, could possibly regret it more than he. He was frightfully emaciated, his nerves were worn to nothing; he was even obliged to have recourse to the roulette himself—he who had always found his pleasure in seeing his dear friends pleased.

But while we go out of our way to defend this innocent Le Grignac, the three young men are waiting on the threshold of this Baden-Baden paradise. Before them the little theatre with its pretty painted panels, its gold and white ceiling, its gay glitter, and at the other side, opening from a narrow vestibule, the *salon*, its bright soft light flowing over all the middle space, its corners full of mellow gloom, where cruel deeds were sometimes done, its crowds of pale, still excited faces, the hum of the fascinating wheel, the call of the *croupier* and the clink of the florins as he swept them into the drawer. The three young men looked and longed.

"Which shall it be, Ralph?" said Captain Vincent Wallace, the white teeth gleaming under his coal-black mustache.

Ralph Willoughby was the handsome American. He was tall, wore English whiskers as being the most aristocratic, was fair and pale, and had a handsome pointed chin which he stroked caressingly with his left hand as he turned to his friend. For the rest, he was warm-hearted, impulsive, generous, affectionate.

"What do you say, Fred? The theatre first and the *salon* afterward, or vice-versa?"

Fred Howard laughed.

"Just as you say, Ralph. It doesn't matter where we begin. I suspect it will amount to much the same thing in the end."

Tinkle, tinkle went the little bell, and up rolled the curtain, showing a pastoral

scene—a green field with the warm yellow sun lying upon it, a dark wood in the distance, and in the foreground a brook running swift and clear, and on a rock that overhung the brook a girl as lovely and fresh as the painted Eve upon the panel by the stage, her pretty dimpled face half turned away, her long sunshiny hair sweeping over her white shoulders, one small exquisite foot almost touching the swift running water. At her feet a rustic swain looked and sighed in the most lackadaisical manner. It was a scene out of Arcadia—a strange picture to look at in this corrupt place.

At the first tinkle of the bell the three young men had rushed in and procured seats, and now with soul and senses absorbed, Ralph Willoughby was watching the stage, his eyes intent upon that one sweet childish face, following every glance of those bewitching eyes, seeing, hearing only her.

Fred Howard was much less captivated. He could put his opera-glass to his eye and look about as coolly as if he were at Niblo's. As for Captain Wallace, it was as much as he could do to observe the effect of the scene upon Ralph Willoughby. He looked at him with curious intentness, his bold impassive face every now and then breaking into a contemptuous smile.

"Little Victoire has done it," he muttered between his teeth.

After a while he released the unconscious Ralph from his basilisk gaze, and suffered his eyes to wander carelessly over the assembly. The worthy captain had a good many friends there, one would see. Pretty French lorettes smiled and coquetted to catch his eye, fat and stately German matrons bowed to him; and as for glances, and nods, and winks from the gentlemen, why, he was a perfect target for them. One sees the captain knows all sorts of people as becomes a man of the world and of his years. For despite monsieur's persistent courtesy in classing him with his young friends, the captain was not near so young as he had been.

There were those who remembered when the shining black beard was a glowing red—the hue that Titian loved to paint, but not the one considered the most desirable and becoming; then it faded through all shades of brown, till it finally culminated in a superb black, which was certainly a mir-

acle of art, since it only revealed a purple tinge when the light struck it from certain directions, and one can easily avoid such a *contre temps*. The captain's hair had once been remarkably handsome, and it was long and dark, and curling still. He did not need any rouge, since he had a chronic blush resulting from the too frequent use of such liquids as not only cheer but inebriate. For the rest, he had a strut, and a swagger, and an overbearing insolent air—if he chose to have it. Yet such is the versatility of genius, that he could upon occasion be affable, gentle, deferential, courteous, and otherwise affect the highbred noble-minded gentleman which he might have been, but was not. For he had early acquired a distaste for truthfulness, sobriety, industry, and the rest of the plain-faced virtues. Work had always been particularly distasteful to him, and Satan, who, as the old rhyme says, has always plenty of loose work lying about for idle hands to do, had immediately taken him into his service. Thus far his master had no reason to complain of being negligently served, and the captain had not been cheated of his wages. He had paraded his florid face, with its melancholy reminiscences of former beauty, now bleared and wizened by vice and time, in all the capitals of Europe, a blot upon the sunshine, and a shame upon humanity.

You will see that our two friends were in very pretty company, without, to do them justice, being in the least aware of it. They had picked him up at Vienna, and it being for the captain's interest to hide his cloven foot, his versatile accomplishments had made him invaluable.

Fred gazed about at his leisure, and Ralph grew more entranced by the pretty actress, till suddenly the curtain went down, the lights went out, and Fred yawned and Ralph came out of his dream.

"And now for the *salon*," cried the captain, gayly.

"But not to play," said Ralph. "I promised St. John I wouldn't," he added, in an aside to Fred.

Monsieur Le Grignac was by. He had ears all over, and had caught the whispered sentence. So he gave them a bow and a smirk. "He was charmed with his young friends. He had heard that the morals of America were so much more pure than those of this corrupt Europe. I approve not of playing."

Captain Wallace listened with a scornful smile upon his face, and then, like a fatherly friend as he was, he led his friends straight to the table where the wildest play was in progress.

Monsieur Le Grignac watched them pleasantly, and then the vulture-like expression fixing itself more firmly upon his livid face, hurried on adown the aisles of the little theatre, and up to the door of a small private room shut off from the stage. Here he tapped impatiently. Nobody answered.

"Victoire!" he cried.

Still nobody answered; and then monsieur must have been very much vexed, for he so far forgot himself as to swear.

"Curse you! if you don't come out, I'll—"

There was a little movement within, and then the door opened, a small beautiful face looked out.

"What do you want?" she said, in a cold unmoved voice.

"Victoire—you—" He was livid and quite speechless with rage.

As she stood there, so lovely and defiant, he would have liked to strike her to the earth, crush out her beauty, trample upon it. Something restrained him. Not pity, surely. He stood looking at her. At last he spoke.

"Come out!"

"I am going home," she said, quietly.

"Come down into the hall!" he demanded.

"I am going home," she reiterated.

"You go home if you dare!" he hissed.

"I want you—I'll have you—you belong to me—body and soul—do you hear?"

"I hear!" Her face was like marble in its fixedness.

"You do, you beggar?" He shook his fist in her face.

"I am no beggar. I earn all you give me."

"Liar! Who found you in the den where your mother the ballet dancer left you? Who took off your rags and clothed you decently? Who fed, and housed, and taught you?"

"You, monsieur," said the girl, with glittering eyes.

"Who brought you into notice? Who petted, and pampered, and praised your beauty, and showed you how it might make your fortune?"

"You again, monsieur," said the girl, a crimson glow flashing over the creamy whiteness of her cheeks.

"I, ingrate!" whined monsieur. "You don't dare deny it. And now you desert me—you, the child of charity, desert me in my old age—"

"Monsieur!" she interrupted, her large eyes gazing steadily upon him. "Who tried to crush out of my soul every instinct of virtue? Who herded me—a young girl—with the vilest of men, in order to brutalize my mind and familiarize it with vice? Who trampled on every innocent thought of my heart? Who sneered at my modesty, mocked at my scruples, cursed my tears? Once more, monsieur, it was you."

He glanced upon her fiercely.

"You little devil!" he said.

She turned away. He did not see the pitiful appeal in her face, he would not have cared for it if he had. He only chafed and swore in impotent fury.

"I'll turn you into the street. I'll—"

She turned again towards him.

"Go, monsieur!" She waved her hand.

"Will you come down?"

"I will come down."

"You won't—you mean to cheat me—false—*mechant*—"

"Monsieur, I will come."

He looked at her a moment, still mistrusting her. Then he went away, shaking his head wrathfully, his yellow teeth chattering, and the loose under lip all in a quiver.

"You'd better," he muttered. "Put on your prettiest dress—there are some new people—two of them—*garcons*—from America—worth a mine of gold. If you don't do your part, I'll—" And so he was gone, in the midst of his threats.

She shut the door upon him, going back to the table and taking up the ornaments she had tossed aside, looking at them as if she loathed them.

What a pale weary face the mirror showed, but how strangely beautiful in all its pain.

"O my God! why was I made for this life?" she sobbed, with dry eyes. She dared not weep, but she stood there in tearless agony, praying to God that this life might end. And then she thought of young girls like herself—she was only sixteen—growing up in the shelter of pure homes, mother's love around them, mother's lips praying for them, knowing vice only by

name, never half guessing how black it was, innocent and ignorant as the angels. And she! what depths of shame was she not familiar with—this girl with the childish face, the childish unquenchable longing for good in her heart?

There were plenty of bright beautiful dresses in the room, jewels in profusion—diamonds—or they looked like such—in the little Parian casket. She put on one of the dresses; it was some soft shining fabric, blue as the summer sky, and it set off her lily face and gracious beauty. But she was not thinking of that; she was as heavy-hearted as if she were putting on her shroud.

At last she stole out, a guilty look on her young face, a look of shame and unutterable dread. She came quickly to the door of the hall. The crowd had increased and surged towards her; the place was still and breathless; each table surrounded by a pale excited group. At every one of them fortunes were lost, and hearts broken, and the promise and hope of many a life put out.

She carried a mask in her hand, and now as she came to the entrance of the *salon* she put it on hastily, and then mingled with the throng.

Monsieur Le Grignac, watching her from the sofa where he received his young friends, gave a grunt of satisfaction.

Near one of the tables in a remote corner, Ralph Willoughby stood, watching the game, growing fascinated in spite of himself, and conscious of a longing desire to test his luck.

"Monsieur does not play?" said a winning voice at his side.

He looked down, quite startled. A lady in full evening dress, with a black mask on, through the eyelets of which shone a pair of large sad eyes.

"No, mademoiselle," said Ralph, in very good American French. He had been taught it at school by an *émigré* of the Revolution, who had never seen Paris at all.

"Monsieur does well," she said, softly, in pure English. "Monsieur is an American?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. But how does mademoiselle know?" he asked, smiling, and falling back upon his English, which, after all, was the more reliable.

"Mademoiselle knows," she said, roguishly. "Mademoiselle has not been here so many evenings for nothing. She sees strange things here. Monsieur would do

well to retire," she added, in a whisper.

Ralph was a little startled, but laughed gayly, saying, "I am flattered by the interest which mademoiselle takes in me, but she can hardly expect me to go away, since that would be to lose her charming society."

"Monsieur does not speak the language of compliment well—but silence, monsieur!"

She had glanced around furtively, and now slipped away and was lost in the crowd.

Presently Monsieur Le Grignac sauntered up, and accosted his young friend with the most affable air in the world.

"Monsieur does not play," he said, smiling. "That is wise, if monsieur is one of those who know not when to stop."

Ralph was just thinking that he had a strong desire to try his luck a few times, and he did not mind the loss of the money. As for the infatuation, he was not such a fool as to have no command over himself. So he answered monsieur rather absently, his eyes still fixed upon the fascinating wheel:

"The black has been winning a long time; the red must take its turn soon—is it not so, monsieur?"

Le Grignac smiled. "Monsieur is shrewd. If I were going to play, I should guess on the red; but I approve not of play," said this artless man.

His opinion thus reinforced, Ralph guessed on the red, and won.

"Monsieur was right," said Le Grignac, gleefully; and thus encouraged, Ralph played again. But this time his florins went under the croupier's rake into the drawer. Half vexed, he tried again and again, and now completely drawn into the excitement, he sat down and gave his whole soul to the game. For a long time he won—the florins accumulating in a glittering pile. His face was flushed, his eyes bright, his bewilderment and absorption were entire.

"Monsieur will break the bank if he goes on in this way," said some one close by.

Again he played and won.

"It is time for monsieur to stop!" said a soft low voice at his side.

He started up, gazed eagerly around. Who was it? What association had that voice with the tones that had delighted him in the theatre two hours before?

"Does monsieur play?" asked the croupier.

Ralph hesitated. He had played quite enough for once; prudence said stop; he did not mean to fall into low vices. He had played enough to prove that he could be a gentleman, and a man of the world, and not lose himself in dissipation.

"Will not monsieur give the bank its revenge?"

Well, he would play once more. But this time the wrong number and color came up, and the florins were swept away by the inexorable croupier.

Ralph's face clouded. So he played, again and again, and lost; and now in his vexation and disappointment he was less careful, and lost continually.

By-and-by Fred came and touched him on the shoulder.

"Come away, Ralph!"

"Let me alone!" he said, doggedly.

"Come! I've lost a couple of thousands now to the cursed cheats."

Ralph's face grew more and more moody, and after an hour more, he got up suddenly, striking his fist upon the table with an oath.

Captain Wallace came up with a sympathetic face.

"You'll have better luck at cards, my boy. I don't mind losing a game or two, just to console you."

Ralph caught at this, and they walked off together to an adjoining room, where there was a small but exceedingly select company. It might have easily been divided into two classes—those who cheated, and those who were cheated. But it was not so easy to see the distinction at a glance, and a novice would sooner guess that those sober quiet gentlemen who sipped their Johannisberg, and put down their cards in such orderly fashion, were the peers of Captain Vincent Wallace.

The room was still, everybody being intent upon their game, as who would not be when so much was at stake? They sat down and played with varying success for a long time; but by-and-by the Johannisberg began to get into Ralph's head, and it was remarkable that as it did so the money went more and more into the hands of Monsieur Le Capitaine. But Ralph was not at all discomfited, being by this time in that blissful state in which sublunary losses are the merest trifles, and he declared loudly that he didn't care who won—if Captain

Wallace chose to win, he might do so till morning—he could raise money enough on his property in New York to buy out all Germany. And then the curious crowd began to gather around this gay young American; on its edge hovered the benevolent Grignac, grinning horribly, and his yellow teeth glistening like a shark's. Doubtless he was pleased to see his young friend enjoying himself. Still further to contribute to the amusement of the crowd, Ralph began to sing bacchanalian songs, which must have been very entertaining, for the crowd laughed, and shouted, and swore in twenty different dialects that the young American was a prince of good fellows. He did not get any better as the evening went on; the Johannisberg got higher and higher, and things in general didn't look quite so delightful as they had done. He grew morose and cursed his ill luck, berated his antagonist, and finally accused him of cheating. At which Captain Wallace arose, and glaring into his eyes muttered the word "Liar!" and followed it by a sharp blow across the face. Ralph staggered back, blood flowing and senses coming back at the same instant. But his rage was uncontrollable, and quick as thought he snatched a pistol from the captain's belt. But its companion was already in the captain's hand, and there was a baleful gleam in his eye that Monsieur Le Grignac knew to mean danger. That kind-hearted man threw himself upon his knees and implored his young friends not to harm themselves, not to compromise his establishment. Nobody minded him.

"Put it down," said the captain, ominously.

Ralph did not put it down, and the next instant the bullet hissed through the air, and young Willoughby fell, the red blood flowing in a swift tide and bespattering monsieur's beautiful sofa and tessellated floor.

The noble captain shrugged his shoulders, and saying, "I gave him fair warning," walked away.

As he did so, the group closed around, and lively bets were offered that he was not dead—that he was dead—the last finding the most takers. Nobody minded the woman in the mask, with the great terror-stricken eyes peering through. They took him up and carried him into another apartment. It was on the ground floor, and quite remote from the gaming-rooms. It was a place where a great many strange

things went on—where men died sometimes—where often something stark and cold lay stretched, quite unconscious of the merriment, and excitement, and life that thrilled through the gay rooms overhead—a place which the police politely ignored, and which Le Grignac never showed to visitors, although it was one of the most important apartments in the house.

So presently Ralph Willoughby lay there on a narrow bed, quite still and pale, the blood still slowly falling.

The room was low and dark, the glare from a single lamp threw strange shadows upon the walls, and a lurid light upon the three who bent over the insensible man.

Le Grignac, ghastly and grim, a sallow, careless-looking servitor about the place, and the girl Victoire, her mask dropped, her face white with terror, her eyes soft with pity. The wounded man's blood was sprinkled over her pretty dress and upon her beautiful arms, showing livid and black upon their creamy whiteness.

She looked up piteously at the servant.

"Is it death, do you think, Wilhelm?"

"I doubt, mademoiselle."

"Where is his friend?" asked Le Grignac.

"At the upper end of the *salon*."

"Go to him and tell him that monsieur is hurt—tell him that he is in the best of hands, and his life depends upon his being kept quiet. Keep him away at all events, and send some one for the surgeon. If he dies, the other must never know it."

Wilhelm went. Le Grignac turned to the girl.

"Will you keep watch over him, Victoire?"

"I will, monsieur."

He looked at her, doubtfully. She was too submissive.

"You mean to play me some trick!" he said, savagely.

The innocent eyes met his.

"What trick should I play, monsieur?"

He glared at her angrily, and went off muttering. But monsieur's temperament was so very elastic! When he reached the *salon* he was so gravely amiable, so filled with concern and regret for this most unfortunate rencontre, that you would have thought that if ever there was an angel in mortal disguise, it was Monsieur Le Grignac.

Fred, completely sobered, accepted Le Grignac's report of his friend's state, and laid down upon one of the sofas in the ante-

rooms till such a time as he might be permitted to go to him. By-and-by, monsieur, with commendable solicitude, thought he would go down and see after his patient. He went alone, letting himself in at the door of the mysterious room by his own key. To his surprise he found himself in total darkness.

"Victoire!" he cried.

Victoire did not answer.

"Sacre! where's the girl?" he said angrily. He advanced a step, striking against

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

the bed, his hand coming in contact with something cold.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, with chattering teeth. He was doubtless alone with the corpse—and that touch—ugh! He shivered, and with infinite difficulty thrust his shaking fingers into his pockets, finding some matches at last. He got a light presently, and by its blue weird flame stared blankly around the room.

It was empty. It was only the cold iron of the bedstead which he had touched.

VICTOIRE: —OR,— THE TURNS OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

[This Story was commenced in the October Number of the Magazine.]

CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR IN EMBARRASSMENT.

IN Monsieur Le Grignac's little theatre the shutters were mostly closed, and some faint spluttering candles upon the stage contended feebly with the streams of yellow morning sunshine that stole in whenever a shutter had been left ajar. The whole place had a dreary forlorn aspect, all the more wretched from the remembered splendor of last night. A play was in rehearsal, but the business was going forward rather lazily; the heroine of the piece shuffled about in slippers, and the hero was constantly stopping to address some joke to the little singing girl, who came in from time to time. Suddenly, however, everybody woke up, and went to work in good earnest. The actors taxed their memories to the utmost; the prompter became sonorous and energetic, and Monsieur Le Hero dexterously hid his cigar in his gold-laced Louis-Fourteenth coat—for Le Grignac's eyes had been discovered glaring upon them from a hitherto unsuspected lair.

And so, amid great haste and trepidation, the drama came to an end, and the actors slipped away.

"You, Victoire, you stop!" he said, roughly. He stepped into the green-room, and called to her through the half open door. "Come here!" he repeated, in a menacing tone.

The girl hesitated a moment, then, her face whitening, went forward. He stood in the doorway, and here she paused, looking at him in some trepidation.

"Come in, I tell you!" he said, in a tone of repressed rage.

She went in, looking up in his face as she did so. Her arm suddenly grew cold and strong, her eyes glittered, the small mouth lost its look of tremulous sweetness, and became fixed and stern. He shut the door

after her, heavily, and then, turning, faced her. Her eyes met his steadily.

"Well, monsieur!" she said, at last, catching a quick breath.

"Well, monsieur!" he hissed, in mockery, his eyes gleaming with fury, and his livid mouth working wildly.

He would have gone on, but his rage choked him, and he only glared at her. A minute passed.

"What is it that monsieur wants of me?" she said, at length, in a low sweet voice.

"What is it that I want?" he burst out, almost inarticulately. "You treacherous beggar!"

He half lifted his hand, and his fingers clenched convulsively. Victoire never moved, only her eyes shone like diamonds.

"Monsieur can strike if he likes. It will be the kindest thing monsieur ever did to me. And then he can close his theatre, and go back to the Rue Montmartre."

Le Grignac's closed fist fell harmless to his side.

"Curse you!" he muttered. "I'll pay you for this some day, when I am done with you. I'll make you repent it!"

"What, monsieur? What has Victoire done?" asked the girl, innocently.

"Done, done, done, DONE! Ah, you wretch, you beggar, you spawn of the streets of Paris, you refuse of the gutter—you—"

He stopped, gnashing his teeth impotently. Victoire stepped aside a little, and sat down, still holding him with her eyes. And so several minutes passed.

"If monsieur does not wish for me, I will go," she said, rising. "I have my songs to learn and my dances to practise. I wish to do credit to monsieur's establishment!"

"Sit down!" he shrieked. "You little hypocrite! What have you done with the young American?"

"I, monsieur?"

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"You, you child of Satan!" he growled.
"I do not know what monsieur means," she said, quietly.

Monsieur Le Grignac started up, and hopped about the room, first on one foot, then on the other, in a kind of angry dance, gesticulating with his arms, and making feints of tearing his hair.

"Now hear her!" he cried, in a high quivering voice. "Hear this brazen creature, this mass of lies and treachery! I go out—I, the most confiding and truthful of men—I leave in her care the poor young man; my heart bleeds for him, and I cannot stay to witness his sufferings, and I trust him with this false creature—this dependent, this beggar whom I rescued from the gutter, and have fed, and clothed, and taught—and while I am gone she spirits him away. She has designs upon the poor young man; she means to rob—to murder him, perhaps; and she means that I, her benefactor, shall be suspected of the crime. O, this ingratitude will kill me!" shouted Le Grignac, beating his breast with his hands.

Victoire had been watching him, a slow smile creeping over her white face.

"Monsieur would make a charming actor. It is a pity that such talents should be lost to the world." And she set her head on one side, and eyed him curiously, while he continued to hop about, and execrate and bemoan her ingratitude.

"Monsieur is better now, and will listen to reason," she said, presently. "He knows that I told him all last night."

"You told me nothing!" screeched Le Grignac.

"Your pardon, monsieur! I told you everything. It was because you were angry that you doubted me. I told you that I left the young American only for a few moments, to fetch fresh napkins to stanch the bleeding, and that when I returned the young man was gone. Do you not see that it was true? Why should I deceive monsieur?"

Le Grignac had pretended not to notice her words, but he had, nevertheless, listened attentively. Now, as she stopped, he said, in a whining tone:

"Why should you deceive me, Victoire? *Le bon Dieu* knows. Haven't I always been your very good friend? Aren't our interests the same? Why should you not tell me the truth?"

"I have told monsieur the truth," said Victoire, quietly.

He looked at her as he walked up and down the room—sometimes a gleam of fire shot from his eyes. If tearing her to pieces would have won the truth from her, he would have done it. But it would not. If he should kill her he would be no wiser. He shivered with anger as he thought of that. Victoire, knowing him well, read his thoughts.

"Monsieur can kill me if he likes," she said, calmly; "but what good will that do monsieur?"

"None, curse you, none!" he muttered under his breath.

"And then monsieur would miss me, would he not?" she went on, in wheedling tones. "Who would make monsieur's coffee? Wilhelm is awkward and stupid—"

"Confound his awkwardness!" interrupted Le Grignac, glad of a diversion for his anger. "I dare say the wretch is spoiling it now. Go you and tell him that if it has boiled five minutes I'll kill him."

Victoire went.

Half an hour afterwards Le Grignac and Captain Vincent Wallace were seated at lunch in a cosy little room off the gaming-saloon. Monsieur's tastes were epicurean—so, too, were the captain's; and the dainty French-made dishes, the exquisite coffee, and the basket of grapes, fresh from a sunny hillside near by, left nothing to be desired. Yet, in spite of the delicate repast before him, to which he seemed inclined to do ample justice, Vincent Wallace wore a cloudy face. He stealthily watched the man by his side, who, in turn, as stealthily watched him. Le Grignac's anger had vanished, and he was in a most affable and gracious mood. When the captain spoke he turned toward him deferentially, and awaited his words with a hideous smile.

"Do you believe the girl's story?" said the captain, abruptly.

"Monsieur le capitaine, how can I do otherwise?"

"That is nothing to the point," said the captain, his brow lowering. He was thinking. "The old wretch knows where the fellow is, and means to dupe me."

Le Grignac watched his face, and thought, "Monsieur le capitaine has carried off the young man, and means to defraud his poor coadjutor of his share of the gains." One sees that there was precious little confidence

between these two affectionate friends.

"Victoire!" called Le Grignac, presently, "bring some coffee. Now," he added, "Captain Wallace may see if the girl looks like a liar."

Victoire set down the coffee upon the table, and turned to go, when a word from the captain stayed her.

"Well, monsieur?"

She stood before him, and their eyes met. He had seen her fifty times before, and known only in general that she was a child-like beauty, whose sweet looks allured to Le Grignac's net those whom the gaming-table had never tempted. Yet now for the first time he started and grew pale. Was it one of those strange reminiscences that flow down to us from the past, and startle us unawares? Whose eyes looked at him from out Victoire's? Or was it her voice that had thrilled him with some long-forgotten tone?

"You can go!" he said, huskily.

When Victoire was gone he drank another glass of wine, and then asked, with apparent carelessness:

"Where did you get that girl?"

"The girl? Have I not told you? Her mother, a superannuated ballet-dancer, died on my hands—in arrears for her rent, monsieur—and I kept the child. I could not turn the poor little one into the streets," said Le Grignac, so hastily that the words seemed to tumble from his lips.

"Very benevolent of M. Le Grignac," said the captain, in a sarcastic tone, and with a suspicious glance.

Was not Le Grignac's face a shade paler as he said, humbly:

"Captain Wallace makes himself merry at my expense. Does he think the old man has no heart?"

"Heart? Heavens, that is a joke!" said the captain, as he rose abruptly and went away, after a short leave-taking.

Le Grignac watched him out. Then he shook his fist at his own reflection in the pretty gilded mirror.

"You old idiot!" he said, wrathfully. "What did you risk it for? Yet how could you guess that, after all these years, he would suspect? O Pierre Le Grignac, if he should find you out, I wouldn't give one sou for your life!" And he went away, shivering with cowardly terror.

A few hours afterward he summoned Victoire to his own private apartment.

"I am going away, Victoire!" he announced. She just lifted her eyes to his face, but made no answer. "To Paris!" he added. "Would you not like to see Paris?"

"I have not such pleasant associations connected with Paris that I should wish to see it again," said the girl, coldly.

"But, my child! See here, Victoire! I am thinking of—something for your good—something you will like."

"What is it, monsieur?"

"Would you not like to go to school? Now would not that be fine?" And old Le Grignac grinned and showed his yellow teeth across his face.

A red flush had leaped to Victoire's cheek at the words, but it paled instantly, as she answered, coldly:

"Monsieur is too kind!"

"No, no—not too kind. I find my pleasure in benevolent deeds. Go now and get ready, for we start this afternoon."

Victoire raised her incredulous eyes to his face, and then walked slowly away. Le Grignac chuckled, and rubbed his withered hands together, and indulged in a number of original and unintelligible gestures. And Victoire walked away, wondering and doubting.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO OF A TRADE.

IN the Rue Montmartre, Paris, there is a row of lofty brick houses, that were once occupied by the noblesse. The street itself has been the theatre of historic scenes; the blood of two revolutions has dyed its pavements; cannon, planted at its head, and sweeping its length, have mowed down the rebellious populace; here and there barricades have been erected; it has echoed to the tramp of soldiery, to shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and "Down with the Bourbons!"—to the splendor of martial music, to the shrieks of wretched women, whose kindred had been torn from them, and consigned to these dungeons from which there was no outlet, except under the guillotine.

In those terrible days these stately houses were like palaces in the elegance of their appointments. The one at the corner yonder was the residence of a famous premier. Its marble front was white and glittering; gentlemen in perukes, and beautiful women in high-heeled slippers, with their hair a la

Pompadour, trod its tessellated floors. It is sadly shorn of its glory now. Even in this cheerful Paris, where the sunshine is so bright, and the air so clear and dry, things will grow gray and dingy in the lapse of years.

The premier's palace is let for a lodging-house; a huckster disposes of his stores at the entrance of the courtyard, where my lady's maid was wont to gossip with his lordship's valet, and the agent of the landlord, Monsieur Le Grignac, has his little office in what was once the marquis's reception-room. Monsieur Le Grignac has been absent several years. He is, indeed, engaged in more profitable business; but the quaint retired old house may some time prove to be an asylum, when perhaps monsieur will be very much in need of one. And so he keeps it in his hands, and visits it from time to time. This is his first visit for two years, but he finds his property in good order, his agent having a wholesome fear of monsieur before his eyes. Why, then, does he walk about with such a disquieted air? why shake his head, and growl, and fell to the earth invisible intruders, with imaginary blows?

Now, as he goes about, and looks into the great desolate rooms, he thinks of the people whose presence made them homes. Le Grignac has had a good many lodgers, but he remembers most vividly the burly captain, who hired the third floor, and installed therein his pale pretty wife and little three-year-old girl. Monsieur le capitaine went out a great deal too much. The landlord knows that good husbands stay at home with their wives; but the captain not only went out—he entertained company at home. There was often a clinking of glasses late at night; fierce mustached men stole out at the *porte-cochen* in the gray dawn. Madame went about, her pretty eyes red with weeping. One night monsieur heard the captain swearing like a trooper, and the next day madame kept her bed, and the prattling little girl confided to monsieur that papa was naughty to poor mamma.

All these things had made monsieur very wary. Not that he cared how far the captain pushed his marital rights. He might have made madame black his boots, and fetch and carry like a dog, and the landlord would have smiled blandly, and remarked that the captain had a great deal of humor. But people who drink, and game, and in-

dulge in similar amusements, are not apt to have a great deal of money, and monsieur must be paid. He was quite aware that a good many people live luxuriously upon nothing a year, but even in such cases somebody must pay the piper, and monsieur swore grimly that he was not the man to do it.

And hence monsieur had kept a smart watch upon the captain, and he noticed that, by-and-by, the captain's friends did not seem so numerous as formerly, and a good many persons came to the house with papers that looked vastly like bills. About this time monsieur wisely took to listening at keyholes, and rummaging in other people's private drawers, when no one was by; for he was in duty bound to look after the interests of his family—this benevolent monsieur.

By-and-by the captain went away one day, suddenly, with the pale wife, and Adele, the nurse, left behind with the little girl, confided to the landlord that madame, poor lady, had lost her senses, and that her husband had gone to put her in a madhouse—at which Monsieur Le Grignac smiled grimly, and rubbed his hands, and chuckled. And after that, what had happened? No one knows, except monsieur and one other.

Le Grignac finished his tour of inspection at last, and sat down in the office, sending the agent away upon some pretext. It was chilly November weather, and he shivered while he sat cowering over the handful of coals. The fire was small, and the gas low, because monsieur was an economical man, and could not afford to waste fuel and light when there was nothing to be gained by it. He sat there in the chill and gloom, very deep in thought, so much so, that a knock upon the door had to be twice repeated before he roused himself to listen. Then he called out, in his cracked dry voice:

"Come in!"

The visitor came in. It was a woman, and monsieur started a little, for he was not much in favor with women. There was, to be sure, a little withered old creature, called Madame Le Grignac, who mended his hose, and bore his beratings patiently; but she must have been assigned to him by a special providence, for the wildest flight of the imagination could not conceive of monsieur in love. But he got up, bowing and smiling, mindful of his interests as always.

"Will madame please to sit?" And he drew a rickety chair.

The woman walked straight past him, never heeding him in the least, and, stooping, extended a pair of white delicate hands over the fire.

"Ugh! how cold it is!" she muttered. "You are stingy of your coals, Pierre. You always were."

Le Grignac started back aghast. A little derisive laugh came from under the veil that concealed her face. She stood up, dropping the cloak from her graceful shoulders, and throwing her bonnet aside. Both were soiled and shabby, but she wore them like a princess.

"Well, Pierre! You know me, I suppose?" she said, a half-angry light in her handsome dark eyes.

Le Grignac reeled into a chair.

"Mon Dieu! Is it you, Marie?" he muttered, with white lips.

"Mon Dieu—is it you, Marie?" she repeated mimicking him. "What a kind welcome you have for your sister! Really, it is worth while to stay away ten years, to be so cordially received. But you always had a kind heart, Pierre. In the matter of the jewels, for instance—how nobly you took the blame upon yourself—"

"Stop, stop, Marie!" he gasped.

"And then, too, in the affair of the countess's accidental death—"

"Marie, Marie!" he cried, dropping on his knees before her, in abject terror. "For Heaven's sake, don't talk so. Do you want to ruin me? I'm respectable, I'm—"

She looked down at him contemptuously.

"Respectable, are you?"

"Marie, I'm trying to be," he whined. "The people here know no ill of me, and they won't, if you don't go about telling tales. Why can't you let the past be—why can't you, Marie? If you will, I'm sure you're welcome enough back, and I'm free to share my poor fortune with you—"

"And Madame Le Grignac—she is respectable, too, isn't she?" Marie interrupted.

"Now, Marie," he expostulated, in a whining tone, "what's the use of reflecting on madame?"

"Now, Pierre," laughed Marie. "I did not come for that."

He was silent a moment, looking into the fire.

"Well, Pierre, I've been respectable, too; but somehow my way of being re-

spectable doesn't pay so well as yours. I have come back poorer than I went, while you—"

"I'm not worth a sou—not worth a sou, Marie," he interrupted, hastily.

"Poor Pierre! What a pity it is that you tried to be respectable," she said, mockingly.

She had been arranging her crumpled garments, and smoothing out the lace around her white throat, and Le Grignac, watching her, said, at last, with a mournful air:

"How well you hold your own, Marie! You are a handsome woman still. You've all the family beauty."

"But we share the family virtues about evenly, don't we, Pierre?" she said, dryly.

"How it happens that you haven't turned out better, I don't know," he went on. "Your face ought to have made your fortune—"

"To say nothing of my virtues," she interrupted, bitterly.

"But I don't know why it hasn't," pursued Le Grignac. "You are prettier than that silly girl—"

"Pierre!"

He started. There was an angry menace in her tone.

"Well, well, Marie," he said, soothingly, "I didn't mean to vex you."

"Hold your tongue, then. It always vexes me to hear you speak."

Monsieur obediently held his tongue, until Marie was pleased to break the silence by asking a question.

"Where is she?"

"In a madhouse, or dead—I don't know which of the two."

"And I don't care. Where is he?"

"He was at Baden-Baden three days ago."

"As much himself as ever?"

"Yes, Marie. He wears as well as—as you do."

She smiled satirically.

"I wish him joy of it. Pierre, see there." And with a swift movement, she drew off the handsome false hair, and laid it before him. "I am indebted to Parisian art for that," she said.

"Good heaven, Marie! How did it happen?" he cried.

"I have been in a madhouse, too. It was that or the State prison, and I chose the first."

Le Grignac glanced around with a frightened look.

"Marie, Marie—you'll be heard!"

"Hold your tongue, you coward, and tell me what has become of the child."

"The child! O Marie, Marie!" whined he.

She looked at him contemptuously.

"What is the matter now, you idiot?"

"Matter? You'll blame me, I suppose. I wish you had kept her yourself. She has been trouble enough—trouble enough, and little enough profit."

"Where is she?"

"I've taken care of her, and fed her, and brought her up, as if she'd been my own child—"

"God forbid!" interrupted Marie.

"And what return do you think she has made me for it? Now—now, Marie, don't be angry. I couldn't help it."

"Pierre, have you let that child escape you?" cried Marie, starting to her feet, with menacing upraised hand.

"I tell you I couldn't help it," he pleaded. "It wasn't my fault. Wasn't it for my interest, as much as yours, to keep her?"

"Your interest, stupid! See there!"

She drew from the bosom of her dress a handful of papers.

"What are those?" said Le Grignac.

"What are they, Pierre? They are worth a fortune to us. They prove that child's claim to the Beauchamp property. It has been going a begging for two years, and I had not these papers to prove her title. Now the advertisements are withdrawn from the newspapers, and there is a girl in America, who, if she lives three years, will have a right to it all—this Rose Beauchamp."

"And the papers—how came you by those?" said Pierre, wondering.

"I was in Miss Beauchamp's confidence. The silly chit thought I was a saint—which you know I am not, Pierre, with an air of charming candor. "And as Miss Beauchamp had no occasion for them—being the heir apparent herself, you see—I appropriated them."

"Marie, Marie, you are a wonderful woman!" said Le Grignac, admiringly.

"And you are a remarkably stupid old dunce! How did the girl get away?"

It was at the gates of the city that I missed her," said Le Grignac, returning to

his whining tone. "In the confusion of the crowd, she escaped me. I did all that man could do. I went straight to the police-station, and accused her of having stolen my gold watch, and three hundred francs; I sent descriptions of her everywhere, but I have heard nothing yet."

Marie's straight eyebrows settled heavily over the dark eyes.

"Pierre, she must be found!"

"O yes, she must be found," croaked Le Grignac. "I'll move heaven and earth to find her."

"You'd better confine your efforts to this earth. I don't think you have much influence anywhere else," said Marie, coldly. "And now, if you please, you may show me my room." And she got up wearily, but still bearing herself in her lofty graceful way, followed him up stairs.

He led her into a small apartment, dreary and comfortless—a great high-posted, curtainless bed, a huge mirror and a single chair its only furniture. But monsieur was lavish of apologies.

"It was indeed all unworthy of his dear Marie, but what could a poor landlord do?"

Marie listened indifferently. But to one or two things she was not indifferent. She noticed that her dear brother's sharp eyes observed where she placed the little reticule containing the precious papers; likewise that he noted the place where her portmanteau was deposited.

Mademoiselle therefore took pains to keep her sleepy eyes open, some time after they would gladly have closed—for the journey from America to Paris is somewhat fatiguing; so, too, was the sight of familiar places, and the remembrance of old associations. Mademoiselle would gladly have fallen at once into the arms of the sweet restorer, if a sense of duty had not compelled her to watch. So, watching till the great bell upon Notre Dame close by tolled out the hour of twelve, and everybody was supposed to be asleep, especially weary travellers, she was, by-and-by, much amused, but not surprised, to hear stealthy footsteps on the stairs, which soon came softly into her room.

Mademoiselle's long thick lashes closed over her bright eyes, and she breathed so softly and steadily that her worthy brother, creeping noiselessly to the bedside, and regarding her attentively, presently turned away, quite satisfied. The fine dark lashes were raised instantly, and the bright eyes

watched him as he stole around the room—saw him at the portmanteau, and dilated as he pocketed the precious papers. If monsieur had been endowed with posterior eyes, he would have been aghast at sight of the expression in mademoiselle's face. But he had not that gift, and when he had finished his work, and stolen another glance at the impassive sleeping face on the bed, he went cautiously out. Instantly mademoiselle sprang lightly to the floor, and followed him out. She was incredibly soft and quick in her movements, and monsieur, pattering over the marble floor in his slippers, heard nothing. He went to the office below, and, unlocking a quaint old desk that stood there, put in the papers, and again fastened it securely.

Mademoiselle, hiding in the shadow behind the door, watched him with angry sparkling eyes—saw him go out finally, and at last heard the door shut upon him, as he entered his own bedroom. Then she went to the desk—she knew it well—and quickly found a concealed spring, repossessed herself of the packet, and fled swiftly to her own room.

"The treacherous old beast!" she said, between her chattering teeth, as she tried to warm her icy fingers over the decaying fire. "The old idiot! To imagine he could outwit Marie with his clumsy knavery."

She went to sleep now, and slept long and heavily. The sun was high when she awoke, and the hands upon the clock of Notre Dame, towering before her window, pointed to the hour of ten. She started up, angry and half frightened. What had she been about, to sleep while Pierre was awake? She made a hasty toilet, and then ran down stairs. The great hall was empty. So, too, was the room where they sat the previous evening, and when she looked for the quaint little desk she found that it was missing.

A little startled, but smiling to herself, mademoiselle ran up stairs again, and examined the apartments. They were empty, and many of them dismantled. She went on until she came to the next floor. Here a draught of fresh air came from beneath a door. Mademoiselle rapped quickly.

"Who is it?" said a gruff husky voice.

A queer expression flashed over Marie's face.

"It is I. Open to me!" she said, in Le Grignac's tones.

The door opened immediately, and Marie

stepped confidently in. But the next instant, even her wonderful self-possession had deserted her, and she drew back, growing white to her temples. The room was small and close, and in disarray; the aroma of some raw wine, grown flat and stale, floated out; a broad band of sunshine came in where the upper half of the shutter was open, and lay full upon the face turned towards her in indolent surprise. But the next instant, the surprise deepened to wonder, and the man sat up, drawing his hand over his eyes, as if to assure himself it was not a dream.

"My God, Marie! Is it you?" he said, slowly.

Marie had sat down upon a chair near the door. Her face was white, and there was an unsteadiness about her lips that betrayed the strong emotion she was trying to hide. She did not speak at once. Whatever of tenderness her heart had ever known, whatever unselfish affection she had ever felt, whatever gentle thoughts, or pure hopes, or innocent womanly dreams she had known in her life—and she had once been young, and if not then good and pure, she was at least not so low as now—this man had called into being.

It was long ago, but Marie's thoughts bridged the chasm between the then and now in an instant. He had tried to win her, and she had let herself be won, all the while knowing him to be treacherous, and perhaps not loving him the less; doing homage to his unscrupulous daring—her perverted instincts never once crying out against him. She had not shrunk from any crime he had bidden her do—and then he had cast her off.

For these ten years past, she had told herself that she hated him. She had done her best to thwart the one aim of his life; and yet now, brought face to face with him, her heart grew tender, her eyes filled with a soft light, and her voice was gentle, as she said:

"Yes, Vincent, it is I."

"You!" He looked at her fixedly.

"Yes, it is you, no doubt. I should have known you in Hades."

"I did not expect we should see each other again, until we met there," she said, quietly.

He laughed grimly.

"You've lost none of your wit, Marie—not much of your beauty," he said, with a patronizing insolent air.

Her face grew hard as he spoke.

"I wish I could reciprocate the compliment, Vincent."

He lifted his eyebrows.

"Why, I am a handsome fellow yet, am I not? A little haggard and blase to-day; but that is owing to the infernal drive I had last night."

"You came to Paris in haste?" she said, interrogatively.

"I had business with that worthy brother of yours."

"My worthy brother has escaped."

His face darkened.

"So much the better for him—the old rascal!"

"Nay! don't scowl in that way," said Marie, jeeringly. "It spoils your face. By the by, why don't you take yourself and your attractions across the water, and pay your court to the Beauchamp heiress?"

His eyes gleamed suddenly under the heavy brows, but he gave no other sign of interest.

"Who the deuce is the Beauchamp heiress?" he said, in a surly tone.

"Don't you know?"

"Not I. I know who should have been."

"Ah!" said Marie, in a sympathetic tone. "I pity your loss."

"Don't give yourself the trouble. It was all the fault of that cursed Le Grignac."

"I dare say," said Marie, calmly. "Pierre has done a good deal of mischief in his day."

"Well, about the Beauchamp heiress?" said Vincent, suggestively.

"What about her?" said Marie, innocently.

"Whatever you please," returned Vincent, curbing his impatience.

"Ah! Well, then, she is eighteen, beautiful, and unwooded. She has a fine estate in her own right, besides having a claim upon I don't know how many thousands bequeathed by the English Beauchamps. Indeed, Vincent, I don't think you can do better than to marry Rose Beauchamp—if you can."

"Thank you! I'll think of it!"

He was thinking of it.

"To be sure, St. John Willoughby guards her like a dragon; but perhaps you can contrive to set him aside."

"Perhaps I can," said Vincent, smilingly.

"But, Marie, in our interest in our old friends, you have forgotten to tell me how the world has wagged with you."

Marie shook her head.

"It has used me ill, as it always does its benefactors. I have at this present time not five francs in the world. See!" And she drew out her purse, and poured the shining contents into the soft white palm.

He leaned forward, smilingly.

"It is very pretty. You always had pretty hands. Be thankful for that, Marie, and don't covet filthy lucre."

She flushed rather angrily. If she had meant to beg of him, her pretty arts had failed. He smiled, knowing this, but being on the whole rather pleased.

"And you?" she said, presently. "What are you doing?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and got up lazily.

"Don't be too inquisitive, Marie. I'm obliged to you for your friendly interest. It's certainly very kind of you, after what has come and gone; but the less that is said of my doings the better. I'm afraid they won't bear inspection. And now, my dear, loth as I am to leave your charming society, I must bid you good-morning. Since your amiable brother is not here, I may as well go back to Baden-Baden. *Au revoir!*" And he kissed her hand.

She caught it away, as if the kiss had been a sting.

"*Au revoir*, Vincent; and may you prosper as you deserve," she said, scornfully.

He tossed back a saucy careless laugh over his shoulder, and so strode off down stairs.

Marie stood where he had left her, full five minutes, glowing all over with silent indignation. In a moment she broke out in angry soliloquy.

"Selfish from first to last, Earle Vincent. Your own hands will dig your grave yet—I could swear it. But I've sent him on a fool's errand," she laughed. "Rose Beauchamp should be on the seas before now, and our wooer shall have his voyage for nothing. That was a pleasant piece of mischief. But mischief, though ever so pleasant, is not just now profitable. Five francs won't buy a great many dinners and suppers. What shall I do?"

Mademoiselle fell to seriously considering her financial position, bringing to the question as much shrewdness and ability as would have sufficed a respectable financier.

Captain Earle Vincent, or Vincent Wallace, as he now chose to be called, went hastily down stairs. The meeting with

Marie had awakened a good many curious feelings. Some sensations that had long been dormant started into new life. The sight of Marie had carried him back a long way into the past. He remembered how she had abetted him in his schemes—what a powerful ally she had been, when, half to pique his step-brother and rival St. John, and half to win a fortune for himself, he had wooed Christine. He knew very well that he was acting shabbily in not sharing with his faithful accomplice some of the shining *louis d'ors* that distended his wallet. But the knowledge brought him no shame. He had broken with Le Grignac, and might not be so rich again soon. It must be confessed that Captain Wallace's funds were in rather precarious condition, for gaming, though a very speedy method of getting money, was not always sure and reliable.

"If the child had not died!" he said to himself, with a curse. But a great many times over he had cursed the horses that had run over her, the nurse whose careless-

ness had allowed them to do so, and Le Grignac, who, with hypocritic condolence, had come to him with the story on his return from his trip to England. But that had been of no avail, and he was to see the coveted Beauchamp property pass away to strange hands.

"Why not woo the Beauchamp heiress?" Marie had said, mockingly. Why not? It would be a splendid revenge upon them all if he could—upon Marie, who had taken such a vivid pleasure in taunting him; upon St. John who, perhaps, might put in a claim of his own. The more the captain considered this plan, the more attractive and feasible it grew. He was still handsome, and might pass for young, and in his own resources he had boundless confidence. At any rate, he had nothing to lose, but much to gain by the move. The result of the captain's cogitations was seen in his starting for Calais by rail that very night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VICTOIRE:

—OR,—

THE TURNS OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

CHAPTER II.

MADEMOISELLE AND MADEMOISELLE'S FRIENDS.

THE steamer *Magnolia* lay at her wharf in New York harbor, just on the eve of her departure for the South. The decks and the quay were thronged; on board and ashore there were confusion, bustle, hurry, sentiment and tears. Rose Beauchamp paced up and down the deck.

She made a pretty picturesque figure in her gray travelling-cloak and jaunty cap, with her red-rose cheeks and kindling eyes. A good many people turned to look at her as she passed, but Rose did not notice it, or if she did, never thought about it in the least. She was wondering why her guardian St. John Willoughby did not come to say good-by, and see her safely off, as he had promised to do, and the bright dark eyes went over the heads of the crowd eagerly up and down the narrow street that led to the quay, up and down, but never finding what she sought. She began to think he was not coming, and her face grew a little more sober. She was not one to bear disappointment easily; vehement, impulsive, exacting, concentrating the whole force of a strong nature upon her loves and dislikes, she had made half a dozen friends and a score of enemies at Madame Corinne's school which she was just leaving; but six earnest friends are worth a hundred lukewarm ones, so that Rose was not perhaps so unfortunate, after all.

While she watched and waited for St. John, she saw the little by-plays that went on under her eyes. Rose knew nothing of the world—the real world—and everybody knows that the world of boarding-schools, and of young ladies' imaginations, is a thing very unlike this round globe, full freighted with passion and aspiration, with sorrow and disaster, that goes rolling on and on through all sorts of rough weather,

but getting we hope every day nearer to peace, and that perfection of which poets dream. In this ideal world, all men, if not handsome, are at least noble and manly—at least all men worth loving were so. But there, sitting on the bench, his shoulders curving forward, and his chin drooping upon his breast, holding by one bony hand to the railing, sat a cadaverous-looking man, heavy-featured, with dull stolid eyes. A pretty woman with an April face stood over him, or ran hither and thither, ministering to his comfort.

The old sad story—going South for his health; but he would be left asleep in the pine woods of Florida, and the little wife would come back alone and sorrowful. What would it matter? All the world to the little wife, as her face plainly said. How could she love him so—that heavy spiritless lump of clay? Healthy he might once have been, but never bright, chivalrous, alive in every nerve. Some old family leprosy from its lair far back in the past, had reached down through the ages and laid its blighting hand upon him. Yet if he had been as graceful as King Arthur, and as handsome as Sir Launcelot, he could not have been more worshipped or better served. Rose marvelled, her ruby lip curling with a little secret contempt—not knowing that love like beauty is its own excuse for being, and can never be explained or accounted for by any philosophy known to mortals.

Suddenly Rose Beauchamp's eyes glowed and darkened; they had wandered away from the pale consumptive and his loving, patient little wife, and caught sight of a tall figure, straight as a mast, a head and shoulders above the crowd, coming swiftly towards her. Her heart bounded gladly, the red roses on her cheeks brightened; fresh from the reading of Maud, the lover's passionate words leaped to her lips.

Ralph Willoughby, who had fallen in

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love with her at first sight, and whom she alternately allured and repelled, would have given half his fortune to have won from her such a look as she gave St. John.

Yet he was not her lover—not even a butterfly gallant who carried her fan and made sonnets to her beauty—only her guardian—dark, grave and thirty-five. He came straight to her with outstretched hand. But though not a lover, St. John could not resist the temptation of the round rosy cheek, and he gave her a quiet kiss by way of greeting, as his age and relation to her gave him a right to do. Then smiling into her bright eyes, he said, pleasantly:

“Rose does not belie her name this morning. You look as fresh and sweet as if you had been growing in the wildwood all your life, instead of having just escaped from Madame Corinne’s hothouse. How have you managed to do it?”

She put on a comic look.

“O, I took my treatment into my own hands. If she put me on a diet of mathematics and the dead languages; with a confection of romance and poetry at the end, I just ignored the solids and feasted on the dessert, and madame could not for her life help herself.”

“Naughty girl!” he said, smiling. “You have learnt nothing, I dare say. Do you know the multiplication table?”

“I am afraid not,” she answered, demurely.

“Do you keep a diary? Can you manage accounts? Do you know the price of sugar and coffee? Are you familiar with the cotton market?”

“O, I pray you mercy!” She held up her hand with a pretty look of vexation. “Of course I don’t know any of those horrid things. I wouldn’t for the world.”

“But what are you going to do when you want anything, for instance?”

“Why, I shall just give Adolphe an order, and have the bill sent to you,” she said, laughing.

“A very easy way, upon my word. Well, well, it is fortunate that you are to have a duenna. It is to be hoped she will have common sense. By the way, I was to see her this morning. Shall we go below?”

“Mademoiselle is indisposed this morning, and cannot see any one,” said Rose, with sudden gravity.

“Mademoiselle!” he echoed, his face clouding. “Have you then chosen a

French woman for your companion?”
“I have,” she said, quickly straightening herself up, with an assumption of offended dignity.

“Rose! Rose! When you know my objections to that people!”

“I do not know your reason for it, and I am under no obligation to cater to an unreasonable prejudice.”

“It was enough that I did object,” he said, without remarking upon her petulance. “Who is the woman? Where did she come from?”

“She came to Madame Corinne’s to assist her in the school. Madame quarrelled with her, as she is apt to do with her teachers, and I espoused mademoiselle’s part,” said Rose, rather haughtily.

“Had she any references?” he asked, knitting his brows.

“I never asked,” with cold indifference.

“A mere adventuress!” he exclaimed. “Worse and worse. Rose, you have been foolish and imprudent.”

She reddened, and there was a flash of angry tears in her eyes.

“I must see this woman,” continued St. John.

“Mademoiselle is ill, and cannot be seen,” said Rose, firmly. “And,” growing whiter, “I wish you would not treat me like a child. I am old enough to take care of myself.”

St. John looked down at this eighteen-year-old embodiment of wisdom and prudence, with an amused compassionate smile. She blushed rosy with shame under his kind eyes.

“You poor little goosie!” he said, at length. “How came you to be so much wiser than the rest of us? I am almost twice as old as you, and I don’t pretend to be able to take care of myself. But I suppose this woman can’t do you much harm in a month. I am coming down at the end of that time, and I shall certainly send her away then if I don’t like her.”

“Do so if you dare,” was Rose’s laughing defiance; and then, St. John, not caring to prolong the contest longer, they walked up and down the deck, talking pleasantly of what had been, and what should be. Then he found a comfortable seat for her, and arranged her maps, and attended to all her little caprices with that air of gallantry so irresistibly winning. The Misses Harrington, three tall sisters stylish

but unattractive, looked on with a little feeling of envy at their hearts, setting him down as Rose's betrothed, or a hopeful suitor at least. But St. John was neither, as we have said. A crowded repertoire of sunny glances had been levelled at him in vain; smiling eyes, rosy lips—all the nameless witchery of grace and beauty—they might just as well have been painted on canvas. If ever he gave them a second thought, it was only that they recalled a picture long ago put away in the sacred silence of Memory, never spoken of, but never forgotten—a face pale and pure as an angel's, set in a halo of fair hair.

He had had a little experience, a sharp terrible grief cutting deep into his soul, and influencing his whole life. It was long past. Time's effacing fingers had touched it gently, smoothing away the sharpest angles, veiling its ghastliness, investing it with a tender holy light. That face no more pervaded his days, haunted his lonely nights, came between him and God, and almost turned his prayers into blasphemy, as it had done. Passion was spent, and grief had wearied itself out. Now the face was like that of one who is dead, cherished with tender reverence, seen sometimes in dreams when heaven's doors are opened, and one looks in with holy awe.

Was she dead? Perhaps! God knew. St. John did not. He walked away from the boat not thinking of her. No one carries about a dead weight forever. Let ever so deep a gulf be opened at our feet, the business, the petty cares and worries, the small pleasures of life bridge it over, and we cross as safely if not as gayly as before.

So St. John walked away in the still bracing air of the autumn morning, alive and alert, brimming with vitality, genial and sweet at heart, in spite of life's rough usage, thinking of his clients, of the place he was to make in court that day, of the case he hoped to win next week, of bonds, and mortgages, and stocks; something at first, too, of Rose Beauchamp and her pretty vexatious willfulness, but forgetting her before he had turned the first corner.

Little need to envy Rose as she sat forlornly where he left her crying behind her veil. The Misses Harrington need not purse their prim lips, and resolve to avenge themselves upon her happiness by slighting her at table and in the saloon.

One can be rich, and beautiful, and elgh-

teen, and yet most miserable. Poor Rose was never more unhappy in her life than when she sat there an object of envy to the Misses Harrington. The whole of her short life had been lonely. It had all been passed at school; looking back over it, it seemed a tiresome monotony, only broken by St. John's occasional visits. They had been golden threads across its dark woof. He had come to her from time to time, handsome, courtly, gallant, dangerously kind, the impersonation of her ideal. She had lived upon these visits for weeks, while he, going away and losing himself in the turmoil of business, only thought of her now and then as a little girl of a good deal of character, and considerable will, who would one day be very pretty, and would be likely to give him a good deal of trouble. He rather hoped that some one would marry her early, and take her off his hands, but until that time he meant to do his duty by her. In the give and take of life, it happened to Rose, as it too often does to people of her temperament. She gave everything and received very little.

The city was fading from sight, and they were fast passing into the open sea, when a light touch was laid upon Rose's shoulder.

"Is it because Miss Rose has parted from her lover that she is so *triste*?" said a soft insinuating voice:

Rose blushed guiltily.

"No, mademoiselle!" she said, abruptly. But she was not an adept at dissimulation, and mademoiselle drew her own conclusions. She bent down and kissed her—a Judas-kiss, if Rose had but known it.

"But monsieur and my little lady had a long tete-a-tete," said mademoiselle, stealthily watching Rose out of the corners of her eyes. "Those tall ladies yonder were quite furious about it. They had you all but married—not knowing that my poor eyes were wide open."

Rose laughed.

"St. John Willoughby is my guardian," she said. "I have known him ever since I was a little girl."

"And monsieur is still a bachelor," said mademoiselle, thoughtfully. "Is it he that is waiting for Miss Rose to grow up?" she added, slyly.

Rose smiled, blushing.

"I think not. St. John has a history. I don't quite know it, but I believe there was a tragic element in it."

"*An affair du cœur?*" cried mademoiselle, eagerly. "O, I shall be charmed to know it! I do so love romance!"

"We will ask Gordon to tell us about it, when we reach Roselands," said Rose. "I used to tease her for the story, but she always put her spectacles high up on her nose, looked out from under them as solemn as an owl, and said, 'Child, you are too young.' Ah, she's a dear, stupid, good old thing, is old Gordon."

"Tell me all about your people, my dear," said mademoiselle, sitting down on a bench; then arranging a handkerchief on her lap, unrolled her embroidery, looking up at Rose as she did so with a face of such innocent, affectionate interest, that Rose was more sure than ever that Marie Hilain was the most abused person in the world, and her own unselfish and devoted friend.

She brightened up at once; she was always so glad to talk of Roselands. Once when she was a child, she had spent a whole happy year there, and St. John's stately kindness and Ralph's boyish gallantries—the petting and admiration she had won from everybody, had made the time delightful.

Rose liked nothing better than to talk of Roselands and its people by the hour, and mademoiselle was never tired of listening. Her attentive face was always bright and sympathetic. If she drew Rose on to talk, her interest in everything that related to Rose she declared must be her excuse.

And so the hours went on till the Virginian shores rose in sight, and the deep tropical green of its fields and foliage gleamed through the mist to gladden the sea-weary eyes.

Now, soon under Adolphe's pompous supervision, they were driven up a long lane, with thick hedges on either hand, all pink with wild roses, and so to the door of the mansion-house. All the people came out to welcome home their new mistress, and in the general tumult of joy, mademoiselle was overlooked. But her keen eyes were everywhere, and the character of the household was very quickly apparent to her sharp wits.

It was a singular *menage*. The English Willoughbys, clinging to their insular customs with that tenacity for which the islanders are famous, had never taken kindly to American arrangements. Slave labor must necessarily be employed in the

fields, but their shiftless ways were not to be tolerated in the house. So Mrs. Gordon, the housekeeper, had held her own through all the family vicissitudes; the domestic department had been occasionally reinforced by an importation from England, and at the time of Rose's arrival home, it was still further varied by the presence of a stalwart Yankee, who served in the capacity of coachman, allured thereto, as Mrs. Gordon suspected, by the rosy charms of Betty the housemaid, a buxom Yorkshire beauty.

But diverse as was this material, mademoiselle did not despair of molding it all to suit her purpose. Like a skillful and brave commander, her spirits always rose in the presence of difficulties which her resources were sure to equal. She won Mrs. Gordon's heart by making her a present of some sweetmeats, which she averred she had brought from *la belle France* on purpose for her, a statement that required a particularly vivid imagination, and an absence of conscientious scruples such as distinguished mademoiselle.

She followed Mrs. Gordon to the apartment assigned to her, a charming, cosy room, with red and gold paper hangings, and soft rosy drapery, whose delicate glow reflected upon mademoiselle's fine colorless complexion was singularly becoming.

But mademoiselle was a child of the sun, and even southern nights were cold; so when the fire had been made, mademoiselle knelt on the rug before it, and warmed her slender white hands by the blaze.

Mrs. Gordon went softly about putting away things, so as not to disturb Rose, whose bedroom adjoined mademoiselle's, and who had declared herself unable to exist a moment longer without a nap. She sat down presently before the fire, looking admiringly at mademoiselle's handsome face. Suddenly the fine dark eyes met hers.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Gordon," said mademoiselle, rising from her knees, and drawing another chair opposite the housekeeper's, "you shall tell me all about these dear Willoughbys. I am so interested in whatever concerns my sweet little Rose. But first, Betty, you may give me that *mouchair* that I am making, and I will go on with the hemming of it—*pour passer le temps*," added Marie, smiling; and she settled herself in the armchair, and spread out the voluminous folds of her skirt, and taking out a little housewife, began threading her nee-

dle, with a charming affectation of industry.

But Betty did not number the French among her accomplishments, and she stood staring at Marie, with her round eyes wide open, in a stare of utter bewilderment.

Mrs. Gordon came to the rescue.

"You stupid girl, why don't you pass her the tongs! though what she wants of them I don't know."

Betty seized the article in question, and thrust it into Marie's dainty hands.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she shrieked. "Is the girl—what you call it—mad?" tapping her forehead. "It was the *mouchair* that I wished—this," holding up the handkerchief.

"O!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, very much puzzled, but trying to look particularly intelligent.

Marie smiled complacently.

"And now do tell me of Colonel Beauchamp, poor Rose's dear papa. That is his—portrait, do you call it? I beg your pardon, dear madam, but I do not know your beautiful tongue," said Marie, who could speak English like her vernacular when she chose.

Mrs. Gordon was not at all averse to speculating upon the grandeur and wealth of the Willoughbys. The Beauchamps and Willoughbys had long been closely connected, and by intermarriage their wealth and influence had been augmented.

Mrs. Gordon confided to Marie that the Beauchamps were heirs to an English property of fabulous amount, and that she anticipated the time when they should all go "'Ome to Hengland," for she was a Yorkshire woman, and hankered after the country where she lost her h's early in life.

After an hour's pleasant chat the ladies separated. Mademoiselle Marie, left to her own musings, reflected that she should probably make a good speculation by coming to America; and Mrs. Gordon, going down stairs, informed her subordinates that the French woman was a very decent sort of person, though she called a handkerchief a *mooshaw*, and talked outlandish grammar.

"She is a handsome one, anyhow!" said William, the Yankee coachman, who had been captivated by mademoiselle's bright dark eyes.

Betty tossed her head scornfully, and declared that she didn't think much of furriners, and the French in pertickeler, a sentiment which was heartily endorsed by Mrs.

Gordon, who had a national antipathy to the French.

"Furriner!" ejaculated William, indignantly. "Bonaparty was as good as the Dook of Wellington, any day. He wasn't nothing but a shoemaker."

"A shoemaker!" shrieked Mrs. Gordon, aghast. "The Juke of Wellington a shoemaker!"

"Yes *ma'am!*" responded William, with emphasis. "Didn't he make them Wellington boots o' the colonel's, I should like to know?"

The argument was not carried any further, for just at this juncture Betty was discovered crying behind the door, and while William loyally tried to console her, Mrs. Gordon, who had her own plans in regard to the coachman, went off in a huff.

So while Rose above stairs wakes with a headache on account of St. John's coldness, and mademoiselle has her own little ambitions, the servants below have also their bickerings and jealousies. One must confess, however, much as it may wound one's pride, that difference in station is often the only difference between up stairs and down.

Biddy in the kitchen admires Patrick in his blue frock and number tens, as much as Seraphina adores Charles Augustus in broadcloth and diminutive patent leathers, and Nancy Jane perhaps marries her sweetheart John for love, while you, Mrs. Millicion, why did you marry that stupid Millicion, old enough to be your grandfather?

Ah! is not this world all a puppet-show? Are not love and goodness things dreamed of, but unusual? Is not gold the god of the world? And if so, who need have any scruples as to the means of winning it? Not Mademoiselle Marie, surely.

She is in the pretty rose-and-gold chamber. There is a little tap at the door, and her glittering eyes have hardly time to grow soft before it opens, and Rose comes in, looking as fresh and sweet as one of the half-opened blossoms that look into the window.

"Now, Marie dear," she says, gayly, "I shall order tea brought up to my parlor, and while we are taking it Mrs. Gordon shall tell us all about Sir John Willoughby."

Rose is glad to satisfy her own curiosity under the transparent pretext of entertaining mademoiselle.

Tea is served; a massive service of solid silver is brought in; poured out in the

dainty cups, the delicate aroma fills the room; Rose, sinking indolently into an armchair, sits elbow-deep in the crimson cushions; mademoiselle's white hands move noiselessly about her work, and her dark eyes are bright and watchful. Out of doors the weather has grown inclement. A hoarse wind creeping up from the sea goes mournfully wailing over the marshes, and now and then sheets of rain are driven hard against the window. But indoors there is rosy summer warmth, and Mrs. Gordon begins her story.

"You know, Miss Rose, that the Beauchamp estates were entailed, the Beauchamps having always been proud of their name and race, and more than all, of the extent of their landed property; but when the lands were fast tied, and it was certain that no Beauchamp would ever be without an estate to fall back upon, there yet remained wealth enough to make the youngest son so rich that he need never shame his family. But this youngest son, your Uncle Arthur Beauchamp, was in the army, a wild reckless fellow, who, after sowing his wild oats, settled down into a demure stupid sort of a man, as I have noticed such young men often do.

"He was a brave officer, though, and was complimented by the duke for his gallantry at Waterloo. This was the kind of celebrity the family liked, and I have heard that just about this time the people at home began to make great account of the colonel, whereas before he had been called the black sheep of the flock, and been mentioned as little as possible. But it wasn't long before their pride in him had a terrible downfall. The news came home that he had married a French woman—"

Mrs. Gordon paused suddenly, for Rose had lazily raised herself up, and half opening her sleepy eyes, said, demurely:

"I don't think, auntie, that we need know all the history of the Beauchamps clear back to the Conqueror. Suppose you begin where my respected great uncle, the Waterloo colonel, sent home his daughter to be educated by the Willoughbys."

Mrs. Gordon rubbed her nose. Her ideas, brought up suddenly under full headway, were thrown from the track, and chaos was the result. At last she recommenced.

"Your great uncle, the Waterloo colonel, died—"

"Of course he did," interrupted Rose,

mischievously, "and so did his wife, neither being immortal."

"And," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, plunging desperately into the subject, I not being on good terms with his family, he left directions that his child should be sent to America to the Willoughbys. Captain Willoughby was an old friend and comrade of the colonel's. The little girl came all in the cold and sleet of a December night, in the charge of a tall French *bonne*. She was a little lily-faced creature of ten or twelve, shy and affectionate, and completely under the control of the French nurse, of whom I never heard any one say any good, though she was as affable and complacent as she was wicked. It was a curious family into which the child came. There was Captain Willoughby's own son, St. John Willoughby, and there was his stepson, Earle Vincent, both some seven or eight years older than the girl. Perhaps it was natural that they should both fall in love with Christine. I am sure it was natural that they should show their love as they did, considering the characters of the two. St. John was brave and out-spoken, and wooed her openly, but Vincent never mentioned his liking until it was late enough to do mischief. I don't know why the girl was not open and honest; they said it was the influence of the French woman, but I doubt if there was any courage in her nature. You can see her portrait down stairs in the parlor, and looking at it, you'd know there was no spirit in her. I fancy she dared not go against her guardian, and she knew as well as anybody that it was the desire of his heart to see her married to St. John. So when she was twenty, she was engaged to him, and the next Christmas he came home to be married. The wedding was to be in the church, and there were to be great festivities at Roselands afterward, for the family kept up the old English customs; so what with the feastings, and the merry-makings, and the decorations, you may imagine we were busy enough.

"The wedding-day came, as bright a Christmas as ever shone over the world, and as crisp and cold as crystal. There had been a slight fall of snow the night before—a rare thing in this climate, you know, Miss Rose—and the live oaks that border the avenue were sprinkled with the pure white snow, and looked for all the world as if they had wedding favors on. St. John

had a bit of carpet brought and laid from the steps down to the head of the avenue, so that his bride might not set her dainty feet upon the ground, for he was as tender of her, and worshipped her as reverently as if she were a very queen, as indeed she was of his heart. So stately and handsome he looked that morning, and so noble and true—a man that could be trusted in forever and ever!

"Well! we were all in the midst of the hurry of the preparations for breakfast, for they were to go to the church at nine o'clock, and St. John was walking up and down the library, rather nervous, as was natural, when all at once a loud terrible shriek tore through the house, and the French woman came rushing down stairs, wringing her hands, and groaning frightfully. Everybody crowded around her, everybody except St. John; he just gave her one sharp white look, and then walked past her, straight and swift, and up stairs to Christine's room. I ran after him, for somehow I guessed what had happened, and when I came to the door, there he stood in the middle of the room, rigid and ghastly, looking round with dreadful eyes. Not a thing in the room had been disturbed since the night before—no signs of Christine having slept there.

"*'She's gone!'* I broke out, frightened into saying the first thing that came into my mind. Then when I looked at him, I burst into tears, like a silly old woman as I was, and am, and I cried out:

"*'O dear Mr. St. John, she's gone away with that false-hearted young rascal of an Earle Vincent, and the Lord forgive her for breaking your true heart.'*"

Mrs. Gordon stopped for breath. Rose was leaning forward with clasped hands, her soul in her eyes.

"Did it prove to be so?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Ah yes! there came a letter soon from Christine herself. None of us knew just what was in it, but it came out that she had married Vincent. I suppose the French woman discovered that she was suspected of having had a hand in it, for she disappeared suddenly one day, and the Roselands was well rid of her handsome wicked face.

Mademoiselle's stealthy eyes are fixed upon the housekeeper's face.

"She was handsome then, this French woman?" she said, interrogatively.

"Yes, mademoiselle! Handsome with a beauty that was far more hateful than ugliness!"

"You seem to remember her vividly," said mademoiselle, in a peculiar tone.

"Indeed, I should know her to-day, though it's sixteen years gone!"

"Indeed! you have an excellent memory."

Mademoiselle's low tones fell smooth and clear upon the stillness of the room, but she bent low over her embroidery, to hide the yellow gleam that shot from her eyes.

Rose, curled up in the rosy cushions of the armchair, was dreaming a very happy dream; it made her pretty face grow soft and tender, and sent her off, by-and-by, into a peaceful childish little nap, in which she dreamed of St. John, and woke up presently, crying with joy because he said he loved her.

Meantime, Mrs. Gordon had bowed herself out, and mademoiselle sat still, and stitched and stitched, sewing up in her work many a shrewd plan and bold intention. That night, in the solitude of her chamber, mademoiselle reviewed her forces.

"You old idiot!" she muttered, shaking her fist at the back of the retreating housekeeper. "You miserable old cumberer of the ground; you stumbling-block in the way of worthy people! Not that I shall allow you in mine though. I have taken care of that." And mademoiselle's face was very complacent, as she spoke. "There, Monsieur Toupee!" taking off a luxuriant wig, and depositing it upon the dressing-table. "You outdid yourself in that work, monsieur, and proved the immense superiority of art to nature. This," running her hands over her own hair, which lay in close, soft thin curls upon her head, "is liable to various accidents, but you, monsieur," eyeing the wig approvingly, "you know how to adapt yourself to circumstances. You can be put on, or laid aside, according as the exigences of my peculiar life may require." Mademoiselle fell into a revery here, as she went on laying aside her artificial accessories. At the end of twenty minutes, mademoiselle presented a remarkable spectacle.

She had not so much changed as grown old; not even yet ugly, though her cheeks had lost their plumpness, her complexion its vividness, and her eyes their lustre. Mademoiselle was yet far from being old or hideous, even when at the end of the disrob-

ing, she leaned back in the chair, and surveying herself, regretfully, murmured:

"O divine Paris! It is you who make men and women immortal."

A week of the wild autumn days had slipped by, and one afternoon, just before dinner, mademoiselle heard a sound in the hall, as of some one just arrived. She went down presently when her faultless toilet was completed, went very softly, and paused to listen at the library door. Her face changed and faded to the pallor of marble, as she listened to those firm masculine tones.

"I am going abroad immediately," said this voice that seemed to startle Mademoiselle Hilain.

"Going abroad!" echoed Rose, in soft surprised accents.

"Yes. Ralph has got into some trouble, and I am going to him immediately. So now is your chance, if you'd like to see a little of the world. I should be glad to take you with me."

There was a low joyful cry within the room, and then mademoiselle threw up her hands with a face of despair.

"Ciel! It is all spoiled!"

Then with swift light steps she fled to her room. In a few minutes Miss Beauchamp's maid came with a summons to dinner. The room was darkened, and mademoiselle lay on the bed, her face buried in the pillows.

"Please tell Miss Rose," she said, in a gentle pained tone, "that I am suffering from one of my terrible headaches, and ask her not to let me be disturbed. I am hoping to forget my pain in sleep."

The servant went away. The darkness came gradually, and when once it was night mademoiselle recovered from her headache with surprising rapidity. She went about packing up her effects with wonderful celerity and silence.

It was past midnight when the hall door opened noiselessly, and somebody slipped out into the night. The watchful stars looked down with unwinking eyes, nor ever betrayed the secret.

There was a great stir and fright the next morning at Roselands. Messengers were sent in every direction, inquiring for a tall handsome woman with brilliant eyes, who spoke with a French accent. No one had seen her. A pale slight lady in black had taken the cars at the station, who of course could not have been Mademoiselle Hilain.

Rose worried and cried herself ill, and did not forget it until she found herself sailing swiftly over seas toward the old world she had dreamed of, and longed to see, with the charm of St. John's presence near her, making the voyage one long delightful holiday.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WATERING AT PANAPA.

BY W. H. MACY.

WHILE whaling with good success among the group known as the Gilbert Islands, we found our stock of water running short, and as we did not intend to make any regular port for at least two months yet, it was necessary to replenish the supply somewhere. So we ran down to the island of Panapa, which lies nearly under the equator, and is commonly known to mariners as Ocean High Island. Here we made a contract with a white "beach-comber,"—one of those semi-savage outcasts, one or two of whom may be found infesting almost every island in Micronesia—to fill twenty-five casks of water for the ship, in consideration of a certain stipulated quantity of "nigger-head" tobacco. As it was good whaling-ground in the near vicinity of the island, we should be losing no time by this operation, but might continue prosecuting the business of the voyage even while the water-casks were being filled.

I went in the boat to tow the casks ashore, and we rolled them in over the coral beach and up the slope, arranging them all in tiers with their bungholes open. As I saw no fresh water near at hand, I asked Jerry, the "contractor," where he was to get it from.

"O," said he, "it's three miles from

here—in a pool under ground, away up in the middle of the island. I shall put on my gang to back the water down. Here come some of 'em, now."

To my great astonishment, Jerry's "gang" were all members of the gentler sex. An old woman was the first to drag her weary limbs along, bearing four or five large cocoanut-shells, slung with strings, and filled with water. These she emptied into the tunnel which had been inserted in the bunghole of one of the casks.

"You don't mean to tell me," said I, "that all this water is to be brought down by women?"

"Certainly," answered Jerry, coolly. "'Twould be no use to expect it of the men; they wouldn't do it. They have an idea that it's beneath their dignity, and that the squaws are just fitted for such drudgery—in fact, that they are not fit for much else. Besides, owing to a superstitious notion here, the water-cave is tabooed to all men—no one but a female is allowed to enter it."

"Gentlemen not admitted, eh?" said I.

"Exactly so. Now I shall employ two or three hundred women on this job, and they'll lug down every drop of this water in cocoanut-shells."

"But why don't you take some of the ship's buckets?" I inquired.

"Bless you, they don't want buckets, and wouldn't use 'em if they had 'em. If you get any work out of 'em, you must let 'em work their own way."

They did work their own way; and day after day—for it would take several days to fill up the twenty-five casks—a battalion of women, young and old, might have been seen slowly trudging in Indian file back and forth between the tier of water-casks and the subterranean pool, inland. All this time great two-fisted male savages were cooking their brains in the tropical sun and looking complacently on, while Jerry, the "boss," lay round loose most of the time, intoxicated with fire-water of his own manufacture.

After cruising two days, we ran in under the lee of the land, and sent the boats in to tow out all the casks which had been filled. Jerry was in a blissful state of unconsciousness when we landed, but the water-nymphs still continued their jog-trot, and about half the casks had been filled and bunged up ready for rolling down. But the mate insisted upon first knocking out all the bungs to try the quality of the water. The result of this trial was not very satisfactory, for two or three of them were found to be a little brackish in taste. Jerry protested in maudlin tones that he couldn't help it, for the water in the cave was sometimes a little salt, at certain times of the tide. But meanwhile the mate had opened another which was more than brackish; it was decidedly salt. It was quite evident that while their taskmaster was asleep, the tired women had strayed somewhat in their wanderings, and had filled up the cask from the ocean conveniently at hand, instead of from the inland pool.

"It's no use lying about it, Jerry," said Mr. Everson, the chief mate. "You'll have to fill *that* cask over again. Roll it over, bung down, boys, and start it all out. I don't want salt water—if I do, I can get enough of it outside the reef."

The contractor, not having yet received any payment, was fain to submit, and promised to have the cask filled while we were rolling down the other full ones, and getting them ready for rafting.

Meanwhile, a bottle of *dent* was circulating among the boat's crew, under cover of a neighboring shanty, and some of the boys

were in a fair way to get pretty jolly before the raft was ready for towing out. Tim Rafferty, a burly young Irishman who pulled the mate's midship oar, was especially merry, and in a mood for any mischief. As we would have to wait a while for the cask which we had emptied to be refilled, Tim declared his intention of accompanying the women, and exploring the mysteries of the famous reservoir which was kept so sacred from male eyes. No one else cared to join with him in any such risk, but he was not to be dissuaded, and declared he would go it alone, in spite of all the haythen blackguards that might try to stop him. Although his shipmates would not go on this rash cruise with him, they scorned to turn informers by disclosing his purpose to the mate. As soon as the full casks were all afloat, Tim was missing. The officer was impatient, and stormed away at Jerry for not hurrying up his water-carriers. He had enough to do to keep the men in order, and see that no more liquor was sold to them; and hearing no more noisy demonstrations from Tim Rafferty, naturally supposed he must have fallen asleep in the hut near by; and was glad enough to have him temporarily quiet.

The last squad of women were seen coming down, talking and gesticulating as if some strange event had happened which they were discussing. Their shells of water were swaying and dangling about at will, and their usual Indian file formation was broken up into little groups.

"Come, bear a hand!" shouted the mate, "and bring down that water. Jerry, why don't you hurry 'em up?—we can't be waiting here all day."

"Hold on a bit," answered the beach-comber, who, from his knowledge of the language, had caught a part of the meaning of the guttural sounds that were issuing from the women's throats. "One of your men must be in some scrape. Are all your crew here?"

"Yes," said the officer, glancing round; "at least they are all in sight but Tim Rafferty, and he is in the hut there, drunk, I suppose."

But this was a mistake. The women told their story, all chattering at once like magpies; and we gathered it through Jerry as interpreter. Tim Rafferty had actually fulfilled his promise of penetrating into the municipal water-tank of Panapa, in spite of

the protests and threats of a score of women who saw him enter, but were powerless to prevent him. But one of their number was sent off to give information of the sacrilege to the authorities, and when the Irishman, after his explorations, emerged from the cave, he had been seized and borne before the great Eree or chief, to be there dealt with according to the statute for such cases made and provided.

Here was a kettle of fish! Jerry declared he could do nothing for the culprit; and what the penalty would be he was unable to say, as, so far as his knowledge extended, no man had heretofore been so rash as to brave it. Two or three of our fellows who had imbibed more than the others, talked stoutly of a rescue; but this bravado was cut short by the mate, and orders were given to push off at once with such casks as were ready. No male savages had shown themselves near the beach up to the time of our departure, and the women could tell nothing as to what was to be Tim Rafferty's punishment.

We all felt grave apprehensions for his fate, especially as we learned that when he was arrested he had resisted stoutly, knocking down two or three men; and it had required the united force of many to bear him away as a prisoner. Jerry accompanied us on board, pulling an oar in place of the missing man; for he wanted to collect payment for the water filled thus far, and also desired to wash his hands of the whole transaction, if any serious result should grow out of it.

We lay off and on through the night, carrying a good press of sail to hold up against the current. At daylight some natives were seen making signs to us, as if inviting a parley, and the mate was sent in to meet them, but with strict orders not to venture a landing until our man was delivered up. Meanwhile the ship was kept hovering as close to the reef as prudence would allow, the old rusty six-pounder being loaded to the muzzle, ready to open a covering fire if necessary. Through the medium of Jerry we soon learned that the sentence pronounced upon our shipmate was no less than to have both his eyes put out with a sharp stick! This horrible punishment was in full accordance with the decree of the tattoo god, who had been specially consulted in this emergency. But as heathen gods, like Chilian *vigilantes*, are always

mercenary, we were also informed that even this most heinous crime of which 'Tim was guilty might be expiated by ransom: Every god has his price, and the demand in this instance was a whole keg of tobacco.

They might as well have asked for the wealth of Golconda, inasmuch as the ship's stock of the weed at that particular time was hardly more than sufficient to pay Jerry's bill for filling the water-casks. The captain would cheerfully have paid the ransom if he could, rather than have any delay or trouble with the savages; but to do so was simply an impossibility. Various substitutes in the way of clothes and trinkets were proposed, but the Shylocks would have their bond—a whole keg of tobacco must be forthcoming, or Tim's eyes, which had peered into the forbidden sanctuary, must have their light extinguished forever. To hasten the negotiations, he was now brought down to the shore, in full view of his comrades, and two women, horrible-looking old hags, who were to enact the part of executioners, stood over him, each armed with a sharpened stick, and impatient for orders to proceed with their cruel work. Tim was bound with cords, hand and foot, but not being gagged, was giving vent to his impotent rage in loud invectives, uttered in his own rich brogue.

Jerry explained—or at least pretended to explain—to the chiefs the utter impossibility of our paying the required quantity of tobacco, but they either could not or would not understand this; and not even the sight of the cloth and other valuables displayed before their eyes had the least effect to alter their determination. The grand Eree sent his *ultimatum* to the captain, which was that the full demand must be complied with before the sun was above the highest point of land, or the sentence would be executed upon Tim Rafferty. This was giving him and us only about half an hour's grace.

"Very well," said Captain Gordon. "Then we must try another style of argument, which I have been very unwilling to resort to in my dealings with these wretches. If there is no way to save poor Tim, the next thing to do is to avenge him."

He lowered away his own boat, and ordered the second matè to take charge of the other, leaving the chief mate to work the ship. Two rifles were loaded and placed, one in each boat, these being the only small

arms we had that were really serviceable. But several old trade-muskets were also carried, as they might serve to inspire terror, even if they could not do much execution.

We pulled leisurely in and took our stations within about a hundred yards of the shore, and at clever supporting distance from each other. The whole population of the island were assembled in a mass on the shore, and all the warriors were armed with their own rude javelins and clubs; but we had no fear of anything they could do, so long as we were beyond stone range. The islanders were at that time but little acquainted with the effect of guns, and besides seemed to be bent on defying us, as appeared by their contemptuous answers to the beach-comber, who told them of the captain's determination to fight if they offered any harm to our man. We did not let Jerry go on shore, but kept him with us, both as interpreter and also, to a certain extent, as a hostage; though I think he was not worth much in either capacity, for the Eree seemed to attach very little value to him.

To attempt a forcible rescue of Tim was quite too rash an undertaking, and no violence must be used before the crisis arrived. The captain called out to the captive explaining the situation and our intention, and as the sun drew near to the point designated over the top of the hill, the suspense became fearful. The islanders were quiet and grim, and it seemed certain that they would carry out their determination at all hazards. Captain Gordon cast a glance round to see that the ship was in her proper position to support us, grit his teeth together, and prepared for the only course left him—to take a signal revenge upon the merciless savages.

"Jerry," said he, quietly, showing the butt of a pistol from the breast of his shirt, "you are not to speak again. If you dare to give warning to the enemy, I shall put a ball into your brain. Mr. Hosmer," he continued, turning to the second mate in the other boat, "have your rifle ready, but don't bring it to the shoulder until you see the Eree about to give the signal to the two women. You take care of him, and I will attend to one of the executioners. Jackson, you're the best marksman in my boat—take that musket and be ready to fire upon the other one. God forgive us if we are forced to kill women—but they hardly deserve the

name, anyhow. Be ready, the sun is up to the mark now."

The terrible tableau was broken by the chief pointing with outstretched hand to the luminary, and shouting in a fearful state of rage the one word "Tobackey!" As no answer came from our party, he was in the act of turning to give the signal, when the three reports rang out so exactly together that they seemed to have come from a single gun. The chief was shot dead in his tracks, and one of the women met the same fate from the old musket of Jackson. The other had her arm broken by the captain's bullet. The whole scene was at once changed to a *tableau vivant*, in which one could hardly tell what was going on, while the horrible yells and clamor rent the air and completely drowned our own voices. But fear seemed to have taken the place of rage and defiance; and while we pulled ahead a few strokes to take advantage of this state of things, the captain suddenly sang out:

"There's Tim! on his feet, and knocking the crowd right and left!"

Our shipmate evidently had not yet lost his eyes, from the celerity and certainty of his movements as he emerged from the crowd, running for his life down the slope into the water, followed by a shower of missiles, and closely pursued by a shrieking barbarian, who was poising a heavy javelin for the fatal dart. But the catlike Irishman fell flat on his face as he threw himself into the sea, and the spear passed over him, while at the same instant the deafening roar of the old carriage-gun, loaded to the muzzle, awoke all the echoes, and a murderous shower of rivets and scrap-iron was poured into the already panic-stricken crowd, carrying death or wounds to more than a score of them. The victory was complete; we might now advance and land if we desired, so long as the ship held her position with the fatal fire of that six-pounder impending. But our first great object was to rescue poor Tim Rafferty, who was dragged into the boat, exhausted by the desperate struggle for life, bruised and bleeding from several wounds, none of which, however, were really dangerous. We hastened to convey him on board the ship, where he could be properly cared for, and learned to our great astonishment how he had escaped. The woman who had been killed by the fire from Jackson's musket

was an old dowager of rank, and she carried about her person, stuck in the kilt which here constitutes the only garment of females, an old sheath-knife, doubtless stolen from on board some ship she had visited. Tim had his eye on this knife all the time she had been standing over him. When shot, she fell directly against him, almost upon him, as he lay bound hand and foot, but with his mouth free. With the quickness of thought Tim seized the handle of the knife in his teeth, and cut, the seizing that confined his wrists. In the excitement and panic of the moment this movement escaped attention; a single slash of the knife severed the lashing on his ankles, and he rose to his feet a free man and armed! He received several wounds in fighting his way out of the crowd, but the sheath-knife was not idle, and he certainly gave as good as he received. His courage, united with rare strength and agility, proved his salvation; but even these would not have availed but for the temporary demoralization of his tormentors.

"We have got a part of our water," said

Captain Gordon, "and can afford to do without the rest. But we can bring off the empty casks, for I'm not going to lose them."

We landed and rolled the casks off into the sea without molestation. For the rifles were in skillful hands, and the ship hovering close at hand, with the muzzle of that old carriage-gun protruding from the open gangway. We lost no time in the operation, but hurried up matters, and left the frightened islanders howling over their dead and wounded, but not daring to approach within range of what they believed to be supernatural weapons. We took Jerry also.

Many years have passed since these circumstances occurred, and other conflicts have taken place between these natives and their white visitors. The elements of light and darkness are even now struggling for the mastery in this and other islands of the Pacific, and if these islanders are easier managed now, it is because they have learned discretion from sore experience, rather than from any change in their fierce and treacherous character.

WATERSPOUTS.

Campbell, Charles H

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WATERSPOUTS.

BY DR. CHARLES H. CAMPBELL.

THE Storm Laws, founded on observation and experience, assume that cyclones, typhoons and hurricanes, however vast and wide their sweep may be, are all, in point of fact, whirlwinds—that is circular rotatory movements of the atmosphere, around a common small central area, in which a comparative calm exists.

In a paper based on M. Faye's "Notices Scientifiques," it was stated that, from the vastest cyclone and waterspout, down to the tiniest dustwhirl of our roads or dimple of our streams, the differences in origin and formation were only a question of duration and size. But however well the circular theory may have established itself in the case of widespread storms, other notions still retain their hold of the popular mind in respect to waterspouts. And yet some of the old voyagers were very near hitting

on the actual truth. Thus, from Dampier we learn, of Celebes Island, that "There Spouts are often seen. It is a cloud hanging down, and sloping or bending; never perpendicular. The sea foams and moves round it, increasing by degrees. After some time it flies upwards, being about one hundred paces in circumference; but lessening gradually to a smallness like a spout, through which the seawater is drawn up to the clouds, as is manifested by their increase and blackness. Then you see the cloud drive along, which before was immovable; the spout keeping the same course till the sucking is over, and then breaking off, all the water below the cloud falls into the sea with a terrible noise."

The deep-rooted errors prevalent respecting waterspouts are shown by M. Faye to be the result of an illusion conveyed through

the sense of sight. In the midst of the deep calm which often precedes a tempest, while not the slightest breath of air is perceptible in the lower strata of the atmosphere, heavy clouds, arriving at full speed, obscure the sky, proving that the upper strata are traversed by powerful currents whose influence does not extend to the level of the soil. From one of these clouds there hangs a sort of pocket or broken tube, resembling an immense stalactite minus its solidity, which gradually lengthens in a downward direction. It appears to be formed of the same materials as the cloud; and, in fact, it is true mist which forms its sheath and renders it visible to our eyes.

Meanwhile, inside the tube there occurs a violent whirling, a very correct idea of which is given by the little eddies of dust and straw which are sometimes raised on our highway roads. When the tube reaches the ground and meets obstacles projecting or standing out from the level, it acts upon them precisely like a tool turning very rapidly at the end of a vertical axis. It raises a cloud of dust round its lower extremity, upsets trees or snaps them off at the root, throws down walls, and strips off roofs. If the tube meets with water instead of earth, it treats it exactly as would a Dutch scoop horizontally fixed at the end of a vertical axis. The little hand-machine for frothing chocolate gives a feeble notion of the action. The water, beaten circularly, is projected to a distance in the shape of foam; if a pond be thus attacked, it is emptied in an instant; if a lake or a sea, the water springs or dashes up round the foot of the tube in the shape of water-dust, if such a term be allowed. In the desert, clouds of whirling sand are raised or scattered, which when they fall, or during their passage, bury whole caravans beneath their heated and stifling mass.

We can easily picture to our mind's eye a vapory sheath stretching from the clouds to the earth, fifteen or eighteen thousand feet long or more, flexible, undulating; the least breath agitates and twists it; which does not prevent the propagation down to the ground of the fearful whirling which pervades it. If it assumes still larger dimensions, it is no longer a water or landspout, but a tornado. Such was the one of January 20, 1854, in Knox County Ohio, which in half an hour threw down fifty thousand trees. In traversing a forest it cleared an

alley a quarter of a mile broad, which would have taken a whole army of wood-cutters several weeks to open.

This sheath, shaped like a funnel, an elephant's tusk, or an inverted column, often ends by being broken by the violent gyrations which it envelops. On the other hand, the nebulosity which forms it rises slowly in the air, and the combination of these two movements produces externally a sort of ascensional whirl which bears no proportion to the violence of the internal gyrations. The phenomenon becomes still more striking if a few fleecy patches of mist are detached and gradually mount round the waterspout. All this takes place on the outside; but it produces a very natural illusion. You fancy you see something mount inside the spout; a scrap of cloud will produce the effect of a bird drawn into the spout and compelled to whirl round as it is driven upwards. If this vermicular motion is continued and affects the whole sheath, you ask yourself what it can be that rises thus, in the long tube whose extremity dips into the sea and disturbs its surface. Immediately, without further examination, the logic of imagination interferes in the matter. "Evidently," says this untrusty counsellor, "it is water which rises inside; it is the water of the sea which the spout has stretched itself down to obtain; it pumps it up, and decants it into the clouds; you can see it go round and round as it rises." Nobody asks how a tube of vapor can hold and contain torrents of water. The fact is visible, and that suffices. Besides, you see the clouds swelling and bulging out with the water pumped up and distributed amongst them.

There is no reasoning with eye-witnesses who are under the influences of such an impression, especially if they have escaped all contact with and material proof of what they supposed they saw. Thus we read, "Along the coast of Bata, an island near Sumatra, an English ship had like to have been overwhelmed by one of the waterspouts, which poured down near the ship. It was almost like a river poured out of the clouds, and put the ocean into such a violent ferment as astonished the people. They are sometimes a quarter of an hour in falling, and would infallibly sink a ship should they fall upon it. But," says the author, "we happily escaped this wash, and proceeded on our voyage to Achen."

A miss was as good as a mile, both in respect to escaping the danger, and to ascertaining the real nature of the spectacle.

Even modern and serious writers indulge in figurative language as one way of accounting for physical phenomena. Jansen, quoted by Maury, says that in the Java Sea, when the change of the monsoon commences, "Day and night we have thunderstorms. The clouds are in continual movement, and the darkened air, laden with vapor, flies in all directions through the skies. The combat which the clouds seem to court and to dread appears to make them more thirsty than ever. They resort to extraordinary means to refresh themselves; in tunnel form, when time and opportunity fail to allow them to quench their thirst from the surrounding atmosphere in the usual manner, they descend near the surface of the sea, and appear to lap the water directly up with their black mouths. Waterspouts thus created are often seen in the changing season, especially among small groups of islands, which appear to facilitate their formation." The description may be poetical, but is hardly philosophical.

These eye-witnesses should have gone a little further in their investigation, while still in the presence of waterspouts. Since it is water from the sea, they say, which finally falls as a cataract, or more frequently as heavy rain, such water assuredly ought to be salt. But how often have mariners collected and stored this water, quite recently pumped by the spout from the sea, and found to their great astonishment that it was fresh! Nor can it be said that the water so pumped up, and then fallen in the shape of rain, was too small in quantity, compared with the entire contents of the cloud, to communicate by its admixture an appreciable brackishness. No; cases have been reported of sailors being suddenly inundated by the breaking of a waterspout, and forced in their surprise to swallow water proceeding from the tube itself; still they failed to perceive the slightest taste of salt. One would suppose that these facts awakened doubts. Nothing of the kind; it was concluded thence that waterspouts rendered seawater fresh. The notion is preserved in the Fifth Canto of Camoens's *Lusiad*. "Suddenly," he says, "the devouring waterspout detaches itself from the waves and then falls back upon the liquid plain in torrents of rain. It restores to the

ocean the waters it had taken from it, but it restores them pure and deprived of saline savor. Ye grand interpreters of nature, explain, if you can, the cause of this imposing phenomenon." In the sixteenth century, the inference of that transformation was not so absurd as it appears at present. The belief then was prevalent that agitation sweetens the water of the sea, and that within a reef on which the waves break, the water is less salt than in the offing. In the volume in which Descartes published both his celebrated "*Discours sur la Methode*" and his reflections on meteors, there is a figure representing the rigid and pointed atoms of salt detaching themselves, during the shock, from the flexible atoms of water which are rolled and twisted round them like cork-screws.

In the seventeenth century, waterspouts of aspiration, or suckers-up, continue the accepted theory. In his *Voyage Round the World*, Dampier, already quoted, says, "When the surface of the water begins to work, you see it foaming within a circumference of a hundred paces, and spinning round gently until the movement increases. It then rises and forms a sort of column, which gradually diminishes as it mounts, till it reaches the small part of the waterspout, which seems to be the channel through which the water is transported to the cloud. This is visibly the case, through the clouds becoming bigger and blacker. The movement of the cloud is seen immediately afterwards, although none was previously perceptible. The spout follows the cloud, and draws up water as it goes; and it is this movement which makes the wind"—which last idea is one of the confusions, so common, of cause and effect.

In the eighteenth century, the aspiration belief is more and more firmly rooted in the minds of mariners, in defiance of the evidence of the simplest laws of Physics and Mechanics. Our illustrious Cook met with waterspouts. Some of the crew said they saw in one of those spouts, quite close to them, a bird drawn up and forcibly whirled round and round, like the fly-wheel regulator of a roasting-jack. From the ascensional movement of the bird and several other circumstances, it was clear to them that those spouts were produced by whirlwinds—a good guess in the right direction—and that water was violently carried within them up aloft.

At the present epoch, the tradition of the sucking power of waterspouts is to be found in almost all our contemporaries, as tenacious of life as ever. For, the moment you hint a doubt of the pretended fact, half a score of eye-witnesses, sailors or landsmen, will insist that they have seen—actually seen—the water of the sea, or of rivers, or of ponds, mount, spinning round, till it reached the clouds. In 1838, Dr. Bonnafont, while holding high medical rank in the French army, saw a spout near Philippeville, in which the rapid upward spiral movement of the water was distinctly visible. The spiral followed the dimensions of the spout, which, very narrow at its lower portion, increased as it neared the cloud, to which it transmitted the water drawn from the sea. The gyratory and sucking movement was so powerful that he could distinctly hear the noise made by the water rushing to the orifice of the tube. When the mass of water had reached the upper portion of the spiral, it seemed to become rarefied, in order to be incorporated with the cloud, which could be seen at a glance to be swelled by the fluid so transfused.

After all this, who can doubt that waterspouts, together with tornados and typhoons, are simple phenomena of aspiration or suction? Nevertheless, although rarefied air is common enough, rarefied water (except as steam or vapor) is the rarest of rarities; and we may agree with M. Faye that, in the present instance, observers have not proceeded with scientific prudence. To accept with closed eyes the most astounding assertions, without inquiry or verification; to believe that any spout can suck the water of the sea up to an elevation of eighteen or twenty thousand feet, when the most powerful pump cannot make it rise more than thirty-two feet; to admit that a channel formed of light vapors constitutes a tube capable of resisting enormous pressure; to fill the clouds with torrents of salt water, and make them sustain it afterwards, when clouds cannot hold a single drop of rain, scarcely accords with scientific habit, and can only be explained by the force of old prejudices constantly renewed by the persistent evidence of prejudiced witnesses.

Another reason not less important is, that of all the questions relating to the constitution of the Universe, those which fall under the head of Mechanics are the most difficult; they cannot be settled by imagi-

nation or guesswork. When logical mechanics are silent and cease to guide us, inconsistencies of all sorts are sure to creep in: witness the wonderful astronomical notions current in the seventeenth century. Now, the branch of mechanics which ought to treat of the gyratory movements of liquids and gases, and on which the atmospheric phenomena we are considering depend, did not, until recently, exist, and is as yet only in the state of a rough outline. Consequently, modern meteorology has been obliged to suppress some of its most glaring absurdities. Instead of making waterspouts pump up ordinary water, it has admitted that the water, exposed to the conflicting currents of air rushing to the foot of the spout, might be beaten into fine spray and absorbed in this lighter form. A curious experiment was even made at Washington, in 1852, with considerable formality, in order to prove that such must be the case. Air was made to rush forcibly up a vertical tube several feet long and five inches in diameter. By placing a basin of water at the foot of the tube, the pulverized liquid rose in the shape of an inverted cone, forming an artificial waterspout. But none of the spectators pointed out the difference between a glass or metal tube and an almost ideal channel whose walls are no firmer than a mist! All the experiment proves is, the prevailing belief in the suclatory action of waterspouts.

On close examination, it will be found that, at the bottom of all these attempts at explaining waterspouts, there lurks the leading idea which Pliny expressed in the words, "*Quam spissatus humor rigens ipse sustinet*," equivalent to meaning that a liquid can, under given circumstances, stiffen itself so as to stand upright. It is tacitly implied that the tube of the waterspout or the tornado has something of the rigidity of a material tube which can be shifted in a piece by pushing it at the bottom. But even the force which is to push it below is wanting.

Very remarkable, too, is the fact that never has navigator ascertained in a cyclone the slightest indication of the powerful upward movement which is assumed to be the essential cause of the phenomenon. No one has ever verified the existence of these supposed hurricanes of aspiration, simply because everybody, through preconceived ideas, has accepted them as a matter

of course. As to waterspouts, not the shadow of a doubt is entertained; water can be seen spinning in them upwards until it reaches the sky. But according to this account, spouts and hurricanes ought also to carry off to the clouds the thousands of trees that they pull up. A little while afterwards there should be the spectacle of a forest falling from the skies. This is no exaggeration; thousands of trees would be easier to transport to the clouds than thousands of tons of sea-water to be lifted and kept there. Besides, witnesses have already seen branches of trees flying over the clouds; and the proof is, that they were found at a distance, lying on the ground, covered with hoar-frost, in the middle of summer. The theory of hurricanes of centripetal aspiration must therefore be regarded as on its last legs. It springs from a prejudice, sacrifices on its way the most elementary notions of mechanics, and completely fails to reproduce a single characteristic feature of the phenomenon.

A general law, previously stated, comprises all these cases, great and small. When there exist, in a current of water, differences of velocity between two adjacent threads of a fluid, a regular gyratory movement around a vertical axis—in other words, a whirlpool—is the consequence. The spirals described by each molecule of fluid are virtually circular with the axis for their centre. More exactly, they are the spirals of a slightly conical and descending screw, so that, in following the course of any one molecule, you find that it rapidly revolves in a circle round an axis which it

insensibly approaches, descending all the while with a velocity very much inferior to its velocity of rotation.

The same thing occurs in gaseous masses that are traversed by horizontal currents, unequal velocities in which will engender whirling movements with vertical axes, whose figure is an inverted cone, which becomes visible if anything troubles the transparency of the air. Exactly as in water, the revolution of a molecule will be all the more rapid as it is nearer the centre. Need it be said that waterspouts, by their very aspect, range themselves in this category? The mechanical identity of whirlpools and whirlwinds, in liquids or in gases, is manifested by such details as the descending movement of waterspouts, whose point gradually approaches the soil, and by the ravages they cause on reaching it by throwing down whatever obstructs their rotatory motion. The trade-winds and their return currents are a proof that we have veritable rivers of air above our heads. When a waterspout appears we have only to look at the clouds to perceive that, in spite of the calm below, there are powerful horizontal currents aloft, blowing at different rates, and therefore causing rotatory motions in the atmosphere. In a stream of water the temperature is nearly the same from the surface to the bottom; in the atmosphere, the upper strata are notably colder. Carried downwards by the spiral revolution, they condense the moisture in the lower strata and render the spout visible by casing its exterior with a sheath.

YELLOW-SPEAR.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

THERE was once a starbeam, whose name was Yellow-Spear, and he was the wildest little fellow in the world. He came from one corner of the beautiful star Sirius, and was just as yellow as gold. Different colored starbeams come from Sirius, some green, some silver, and some even blue, but this little fellow was, as I have said, of a bright yellow. When you looked at him, he had a way of winking just as fast as he could wink, so that you mightn't see him, and as soon as you looked away from him, there he was, steady gold, but winking like a flash, if you looked again. Just beside him was the serene little Silverbeam, and she used to tell him that he wasn't polite to act so. But the more she talked, the faster she winked.

"Let 'em go to bed!" he said. "They've no business staring at me. Night belongs to the stars, and people should shut their eyes."

One night they gathered a great picnic, and went down to have a dance on the earth. Each beam took a Dew-lady down for partner, and gallantly let down his ladder for her to descend on.

Now Yellow-Spear was full of pranks that night, and couldn't behave himself. In the first place, he didn't let his ladder quite reach the earth, so that his partner, in jump-

ing off nearly broke her ankles. She was so vexed at that, that she went off sulking in a thistle-flower, thinking that he would come and coax her; but he didn't. He saw his sister Silver in the spray of a fountain, which leaped lovely and bright into the silent perfumed night; so up he jumped, and turned a wreath of fine spray to bright gold. Getting tired of that, he threw himself over a spire of grass, and turned its edges to look like flame, so that a grasshopper, who had gone to sleep under it, thinking the house afire, nearly jumped out of his skin. Yellow-Spear half killed himself with laughter at the poor grasshopper, who stood there rubbing his legs, and staring with round eyes.

Then he shut his eyes, and went to sleep.

"Now do behave yourself," said Silver, "and go and coax Pearl. She is in that thistle-blossom. You have treated her shamefully, and she is crying her eyes out. We are going to dance on the lily leaves in the garden-pond, and the goldfishes are all there to look on. Go now, and bring Pearl."

Now Pearl was Yellow-Spear's partner, and was very beautiful, and very fond of him, and he thought that she would always be fond of him, no matter what he did, and that however much he might slight her, she would always be glad to see him. So, in-

stead of doing as he ought, and as his sister bade him, he started off to amuse himself elsewhere.

"It is very tedious—this being obliged to treat people decently," he said to himself.

So he went and hid himself in a drop of water. But the water turned so bright that everybody knew he was there. Then he dived down into the bottom of a bluebell, but his light shone through the clear petals as though they had been windows. At that Yellow-Spear was provoked, and came out again. But just as he stood on the edge of the flower, looking to see where he would go next, a great clumsy moth came fanning by, its eyes round open in the faint light it loves, and its beautiful bright wings beating the air.

Now the moment Yellow-Spear saw this great lazy splendid moth enjoying himself so in the moist sweet twilight, he said to himself, "I'll spoil his fun."

So he made a dart right into the moth's eyes, and struck the poor creature nearly blind. The moth thought it was sunrise, surely, for no starbeam had ever insulted him so before, and he floundered about with his big wings, and felt his way under a plantain leaf, and hid there.

Finally, having done all the mischief he could, Yellow-Spear went to the garden-pond to see how the dancing got on. They were having a beautiful ball, but Pearl was nowhere to be seen.

"Do go after her," said Silver.

"Let her come to me. I'm tired," said Yellow-Spear, casting himself down on a leaf.

The ladies all gathered about him, for he was a pretty fellow, and a great favorite, and he amused himself with them, and flattered and danced with them as long as he liked. Then, as nobody said anything about Pearl, he thought he would go and find her, not doubting that she was still in the same place, waiting and weeping for him.

But I am happy to say, the conceited fellow was nicely disappointed. Pearl had been waiting and weeping like a little simpleton; but she was, at the same time, a highly sensible person, and when her eyes began to look red, she wiped them and looked about her. She climbed a thistle-down, and looked over to the garden-pond, where her naughty lover was amusing himself with the other ladies, and immediately she was cured.

"He is a false mean fellow," she said, "and I no longer care for him."

So she just brushed herself up a little, and told the thistle-down that she would like to take a ride. Then the thistle-down bent all its soft arms together for a downy cushion, and Pearl reclined on it, looking more beautiful than I can tell you. And when she was all ready, she looked at a lovely little winged zephyr, that had been flying about her for a long time, and he came and lifted her on her cushions, and floated gently off towards the dancers with her.

"I love you, dear Pearl!" he said, brushing her cheeks with his breath.

"And I also love you," she said, "for you came to me when I was in sorrow. And now I look at you, I think you the most beautiful creature in the world." So they were both very happy.

But when Yellow-Spear saw that Pearl was consoled, and didn't care anything about him, he immediately began to care a great deal about her. But she would have nothing to say to him, though he went on his knees to her, and vowed that he would never treat her ill again.

"Let us go and have a little sail in the air," said Pearl to Zephyr. "I am tired of this fellow's teasing."

Then they rose softly, and floated away.

But Yellow-Spear was frantic. Follow them he would. He nearly put Zephyr's eyes out, he darted at him with such fury, and the lovers were obliged to go into a shady place to get rid of him.

Now comes Yellow-Spear's mishap. In his rage he forgot that beams of light cannot turn corners, and in his desire to follow Pearl, he gathered all his strength, and tried to fling himself round the corner of the summerhouse, which would be out of sight of his home in Sirius. He made one great effort, and snap went his backbone! It was a dreadful thing, and all the beams took him home. Poor Sirius felt sorry, though she was provoked, too, and they had to be up all night with him. But Yellow-Spear never slept a wink, and it was weeks before he was able to go out again.

But Pearl had the most delightful time all night, and when the sun came up, a little ray came and let down his bright ladder into the rose-petal, where she lay, and after she had kissed Zephyr, and promised to come down to him the very next evening, she smiled and nodded, and set her little foot on the first round of the ladder, and then climbed up into the bright morning sky.

ZAGONI'S RIDE TO DEATH.

BY CATHARINE EARNSHAW.

CHAPTER I.

A WHITE-COVERED baggage wagon, drawn by slow-footed oxen, was ascending the uneven mountain path. Four or five men walked by the wagon, one of them wielding his heavy whip in monotonous motion just over the backs of the animals, and whistling softly to himself.

Afar down the path, not having commenced the ascent, were two gentlemen and a lady, all on horseback. There was that in their appearance which betokened the higher cultivation of the East—which showed them strangers in this semi-civilization of far Missouri.

Their faces showed the relationship between them—that of father, son and daughter. The same look of pride, yet unmingled with coldness, could be detected in the contour of the three faces, in the *pose* of head and neck.

Marion Salisbury, tired of listening to the plans of her father and brother, turned her horse a little aside, and let him bite at the shrubs that caught at his rider's dress. With face turned toward the westering sunlight, she lifted her hat to let the low-breathing breeze cool the forehead heated by the

long ride. That motion revealed the queenly head that had made one of the attractions in many a Boston drawing-room. That mouth, with its short upper lip, so capable of the sweetest as well as the most sarcastic curve, was now quiet with a sweetness that seemed half of hope and half of regret. Her brown eyes did not wander, they were fixed in that gaze which betrays that the soul is not where the eye resteth.

"I was tired; there is chance here for ages of rest," she was thinking. "I was sick of the pleasures which could not enchain me; I believe here I may come to long for them, but not until months have passed, and I grow weary of solitude, as now of society."

A sigh from the plains swept over the girl's cheek; on its breath was the long melodious cry of some bird whose note was strange and inexpressibly sweet to the girl who listened.

"The sweetest welcome I could have had," murmured Marion, her eyes drooping with some unaccustomed moisture as she heard.

"Of what are you dreaming?" cried Walter Salisbury, turning in his saddle, and looking at his sister. "Come, buckle on thy

endurance, and try the mountain with us, Marion. Our baggage is rattling down the other side by this time. Let us enter the town in grand cavalcade, behind our goods and chattels."

Mr. Salisbury was already somewhat in advance, and Marion turned her horse up the path by the side of her brother, who looked with questioning glance at her face.

"You are not still mourning the loss of our fortunes, Marion? You are not sorry that you came with us?"

"Neither the one nor the other, Walter," she replied. "You detected a melancholy about me, did you? It is true I do not feel joyous just at this moment. The penetrating beauty of this hour does not make me gay."

"I confess to feeling a little sentimental, myself," said Walter, with a slight laugh. "If I were a painter now, I could fill my memory with such rare sketches as should make me master of all the beauty-lovers of the world. Floyd should take this trip. I wish I had persuaded him to come."

A quick glance from his blue eyes told him that that name had no visible effect upon Marion.

"Was it really only a flirtation, after all?" he said, in great earnestness.

She did not laugh; had she done so he would have suspected her sincerity. The brown eyes turned calmly upon him, the reposeful mouth said quietly:

"Hardly a flirtation, Walter. People are apt to call very common-place friendships by that name."

"You are very cool about it," was the response. "But I know Floyd's face used to light up strangely at mention of your name, considering the commonplaceness of the affair."

Marion stooped to hold her bridle more securely. If any expression other than indifference came to her face, it was seen by no one.

"The most unaccountable thing is a woman," muttered her brother, whose pet hope had been that his friend Floyd and his sister might love each other.

Taking their own time and way, went the horses, their heads drooping as they toiled onward.

"What would the charming Mrs. Levallie, and the charming Misses Levallie say, could they see you and I now?" cried Walter, swinging his broad hat to dissipate the crimson from his face.

"Lily hands upheld in holy horror," said Marion.

"Seraphic ejaculations of pity! Bah! it is for those one cares when one loses fortune. It is too humiliating to think of."

"Let us, then, not think of it," said Marion. "See, father is beckoning from the top of the path. Spur on, Walter, and I'll come at my leisure. You'll not be out of the sound of my voice."

"Guerillas are quiet just at present, so I'll obey you," and he hastened on, and soon Marion could hear the faint sound of their voices as they talked, and awaited her.

The winding path was embowered with tall trees, and their meeting branches made deep the shade; a shadow so refreshing that Marion longed to stay, though their new home awaited them in the town lying the other side of the mountain they were crossing.

Holding too loosely the reins, not minding where her horse stopped, the animal, tired with his long journey, and unused to such kind of travel, went sleepily and carelessly on, glad as his mistress of the cooling shade.

An unnoticed hole in the path caught the front feet of the horse. Before he could recover himself, he fell, pinning Marion's dress under him, but leaving her uninjured.

She struggled to rise. She saw that the horse had severely injured his leg, and could not rise without assistance. Falling back helplessly, she had opened her lips to call her father and brother, when a movement among the greenery arrested for the instant the words. Ideas of guerillas flashed through her mind, but the next breath, a man had parted the boughs, and stepped into the path, his gun in his hand, his game-bag over his shoulder.

"Allow me to assist you," he said, coming to her side, with that deference which can never be faithfully feigned.

The first glance assured Marion, and she had never received aid with less thought of fear, never met a gentleman in any parlor more a gentleman than she immediately felt this man to be.

"I lingered behind my party," she said, as he stooped to free her drapery, "and have been a very careless driver for the last half hour."

"And your horse will rue the day," he said, gently touching the helpless foot; "he has broken his leg."

Tears sprang to Marion's eyes, and the lashes quickly drooped to hide them.

The stranger looked at her, and that face of hers, not handsome, but powerfully attracting when it did attract, was fated never to leave his memory. Not that he loved her then, but that she was a picture he could never forget.

"I am to blame; it is all my own carelessness," she said, in a low tone, as if speaking to herself.

She knelt down by the horse, and ungloved her hand to lay it on his head, her face full of a soft pity that melted the pride in it, and made it very attractive. Remembering her father and brother awaiting her, she rose, and gathered her skirt over her arm, saying:

"I must hasten up the mountain. My escort will be returning to search for me. I thank you for your assistance."

She looked full at him for the first time, and saw plainly what she had been half conscious of before—that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen. Not largely, but flexibly and lightly made; an olive skin deeply embrowned; a tawny pointed beard with a mustache, like the old Vandyke portraits; hair of the deepest brown, and so long that its waving ends touched the collar of his rough hunting-jacket; eyes of such brilliant varying hue, that one could not easily decide upon their fixed color. And withal, such a clearly-cut firm face of latent power.

"Is it possible that his home is here?" Marion thought; "but such a man never grew up in a city."

He took his gun, saying:

"I am going up the path. It will not be presumption to ask permission to accompany you?"

"On the contrary, I shall be happy to present you to my father," was the reply. And the two began the ascent, Marion turning back to look at her horse before he was shut from view by the curve in the path.

"I have received an inspiration," said the stranger, after a few moments' silence, and turning towards her with a smile of fleeting brilliancy that seemed peculiar to his face. "It must be that you are of the party of him who has purchased the Maynard farm. Ah, my surmise is true. I see. We have been expecting Mr. Salisbury for a fortnight past."

"He says 'we,'" said Marion, to her

heart; "he lives here, then." Then aloud:

"I am Mr. Salisbury's daughter. I am determined to try a life in the far West, and would not consent to being left at home."

Though her words were commonplace, the man knew by the indescribable accent and pronunciation, by the subdued music of her voice, that she had known that culture which the best society alone can bestow, and then only when the pupil possesses the firmness of nature to receive that vague instruction.

The two reached the tree under which the father and son waited for Marion. Walter opened his eyes as he saw them coming.

"I believe cavaliers spring up at sound of Marion's footstep," he exclaimed, in an undertone. "Father, do you suppose Philip Sydney looked like that?"

The father did not reply. He was looking in astonishment at Marion, and only said:

"Where is her horse?"

"Faith! where is her horse? She has exchanged him for that man."

Marion's few words explained the accident, and then she presented the stranger, who said:

"My name is Camille Molyneux, and I shall have the pleasure of being a townsman of yours, that is, if you consider yourself a citizen of Springfield."

"In that case, I shall surely believe myself a citizen of Springfield," was Mr. Salisbury's response, as he cordially touched the hand of Molyneux.

"And now," he continued, "let us hurry down the mountain, and I shall return with some of the trainers to my horse, as soon as I have given orders concerning the goods."

Marion, mounted on her brother's horse, rode by her father's side, for she had been a horsewoman all her life, and could have ridden a saddleless animal. Walter and Molyneux walked after them, evidencing an instantaneous fraternation.

Below them, the town slept in golden sunshine—peacefully, calmly, as though the strife of border warfare had never sent surging waves near it, as though battle were something never dreamed of.

CHAPTER II.

THE days of this strange new life glided unnumbered by Marion. The hours were filled with unwonted household duties—su-

perpetrating the work of two German girls whom her father had hired, doing with her own hands labor which soon seemed a natural thing to her.

At sunset, wandering with her brother along the meadow paths of their large farm, or climbing, in some golden morning, the tempting hills that rose at last into the grand mountain range. To her soul came the reposeful calm and undefinable sweetness that Nature gives to those who can translate her word.

Vague and far away seemed the life of the winter before—the busy glare of a city season. Were there some sensitive memories of that time? No one, save herself, could tell, and no one wondered long, save the man who had met her on the mountain, who rode out so many twilights to the square verandaed farmhouse of the Sallsburys.

It was one of those nights that his horse stopped of his own accord at the gate, and Walter, on the piazza, rose to greet his guest, who did not dismount, but said:

"Is Miss Sallsbury here? You have a deserted look, as if she were not."

"It is true. I have been wondering about her; she rode away some time ago, starting for Waring Creek. I have been trying to decide to canter after her, and escort her home; but I am lazy to-night. I depute you."

Walter leaned over the fence, his light locks blown back, his gaze on the handsome face and figure before him, minding the sheathed splendor of those eyes, and knowing how that lustre blazed forth at glance and tone of Marion.

With a laugh and light word Molyneux sped away over the cross-road, so little used that it seemed but a gallop over a field. Along the way, he saw the small hoof-prints of Marion's horse, and was assured of being in the right road. Half way through the path, and his restless eyes noticed a break in the thick shrubbery that formed a natural hedge one side the road, a parting of the boughs, as though a horse had sprung through; several limbs were broken, showing the freshly-severed bark. And from the hedge were the deep prints of larger hoofs, and they followed in the track of the smaller horse.

A sharp fear of the wild prowlers which intermittently cursed this region, came like a knife-thrust to Molyneux. There had

been a long season of quiet, and fears of molestation had died away, only to be roused again by some new bravado of some reckless Southerner.

Molyneux's fiery horse flew over the ground. The heart of his rider beat with the tumultuous throbs of love and fear. Something of the warmth of the skies of his native France burned in the veins of her wandering son. At that moment he felt that did he not bring Marion home safe his life was not worth the living. In vain he told himself that the rider might have been as harmless as himself, or that he knew nothing of the woman who had ridden that way.

He plunged into the thicket whose further side opened upon the picturesque glen by the creek, the place which was a favorite resort of Marion's when she rode. Despite the cautions she had received, she could not forego the pleasure of solitary rides, and every one knew the country was quiet now.

Before he had left the thick gloom of the trees he heard the quick report of a pistol, then an instant after another discharge, and that sound he recognized as the voice of the little revolver with which Marion practised with him at the target.

"Thank Heaven!" he breathed, some little comfort coming to him as he heard that sound and remembered Marion's skill. "In another moment I shall be there!"

He burst through the thicket, and there, in a little green space of perfect sylvan beauty, he saw her for whom he came. The red light of the sunset had not gone, and it sifted through the leaves, giving a weird power of beauty.

Marion sat on her horse, pallid as marble, her eyes gleaming with strange lightnings of excitement. Her horse stood still, but quivering in every limb, his neck arched, his eyes vivid as fire. Across the shallow stream another horse stood, but riderless, for a man lay bleeding almost beneath the pawing feet.

Molyneux jumped from his horse, and sprang to Marion's side. The deathly whiteness of her face made him put up his arms to take her off, a horrible fear that she was wounded blanching his dark face.

She looked down at him, but did not dismount. She put one hand, which held the still smoking pistol, on his shoulder. A radiance, that was not a smile, but more, illuminated her face. She did not speak. Ap-

parently she could not. His anxious eyes, even while absorbing that look, saw the helpless way in which her left arm hung by her side. The ball from the man's revolver had severely wounded it.

"You are hurt!" Molyneux said in a low voice, such passionate tenderness and regret in his glance, that even then a faint color flushed over Marion's face, and lingered on her lips.

"Only a little," she said. "Will you see if that man is much hurt? O, I hope not!"

She dropped her pistol on the ground as she spoke; dropped it with a shudder that it should have shed blood—and in her hand. Though she felt she could not but do the same thing again, under the circumstances.

Molyneux disliked to move from her side. He was sorry that light touch was gone from his shoulder—a touch like nothing he had ever known. But he saw her anxiety, and mounting his horse, forded the stream. Then he knelt down by the man, and drew him near the brook, sprinkling water on his insensible face, feeling all the time the intense gaze of Marion, whose heart was sinking with the sickening fear that she had killed the man.

"Do not fear," at last said Molyneux, watching the rough brutal face, and seeing the eyelids begin to quiver. "His wound is severe, but I think not mortal. He is beginning to revive."

A soul-felt "Thank Heaven!" breathed through the girl's lips.

Molyneux placed the man as comfortably as he could, with his head reclining on the mossy roots of a tree. Then he looked pleadingly at Marion, and said:

"Let me return to you."

A slight smile was his reply and permission.

"We will go directly home," he said; "and send some one to bring in that fellow; though he doesn't deserve it."

Marion said nothing. She was beginning to feel strangely faint and weak. The blood trickling from her arm, the smell of the powder which still lingered in the air, seemed deathly and dreadful to her.

Molyneux, with a tender touch, arranged his handkerchief as a support for her arm, his fingers thrilling as they touched her fingers, or even her scarf.

"Let us come away quickly," he said, hurriedly, with a tone that made the unstrung heart of Marion throb painfully.

She was not mistress of her self-control; intuitively she felt that she feared her own heart as much as the passion in his.

His hand lingered one moment over her fingers, a hot flush swept up to the olive of his face, then he suddenly bent and touched his lips to the palm of her hand—not such a touch as she might have known from lips before that brushed her fingers. Days afterwards she felt the warm breath on her hand, and the eager tremulous mouth.

"Come quickly," in a low rapid tone; "I would not for worlds say that which is in my heart, here within sight of blood."

He led her horse from the place. There came a howl of remonstrance and anger from the wounded man, as he saw their horses' heads turned from him.

"Will you leave me here to die?" he struggled to say.

Marion turned a shade paler at the sound; and Molyneux, seeing it, looked back a little fiercely, and exclaimed:

"What do you take us for? And what do you deserve? You'll be brought up to the house."

The two went very slowly home. The touching pain and languor which could not but be apparent in Marion sealed for a time the impulsive lips of Molyneux. They were silent all the way, but that indescribable thing which never deceives, was in Molyneux's face, in his glance, subdued by Marion's weakness to wistful tenderness.

The twilight had changed to the brilliant moonlight when they reached the gate of her home. Molyneux, looking at Marion as she glanced up at the house, saw an intense red surge over her face, a gleam of something come to her eyes, then the face was pale and quiet again.

With quick undefinable dread, lest something should come between him and his love, he, too, looked up, and saw, descending from the piazza with Walter Salisbury, a tall graceful man, whose face in the moonlight showed of the purest blonde, with golden hair and beard, and eyes of deep sea-blue. There was a careless grace in his costume which none but an artist could have achieved, and he but rarely.

A flash of fire burned up to Molyneux's eyes; with an effort he sent it back, and turned somewhat coldly to look again at Marion. But he discovered nothing there. The artist Floyd was by her side, with all that brilliant pleasure in his face that is so

different from the pleasure of a dark face. Then there were instant exclamations, as they discovered Marion's adventure. Floyd would have taken her from her horse, but Marion turned to Molyneux, who had dismounted, and was leaning against the fence.

"Will you take me off, Mr. Molyneux?" she said.

Molyneux sprang forward, conscious of the disappointment upon Floyd's face.

"I have not yet thanked you," murmured Marion, faintly, as she was for an instant in the arms of Molyneux.

"And you will not," he said, as he released her, sending one fiery glance into her eyes.

"You will come in, Molyneux?" said Walter, as the former was turning to his horse.

"Not to-night. I'm going to get a couple of men to come down to the creek with a stretcher. That fellow must be tended. I have Miss Salisbury's orders to bring him here."

Walter came nearer, his face aglow with gratitude. He grasped Molyneux's hand, saying, fervently:

"But for your timely ride to the creek I might have had no sister to-night. God bless you, Molyneux!"

"Amen! I shall need his blessing," responded Molyneux, a vibrant tremor in his voice.

Had not some reserve restrained him he could have told this brother how much more than a sister he should have lost had Marion ceased to live. But he felt too keenly that her love might never be his, to risk one such word to her brother.

As he rode away he glanced back to see Marion standing in the doorway, as if about to enter the house; he saw that Floyd stood beside her, his head bent in earnest talk. Then he caught the gleam of her hand as she placed it in his, and then turned away, and disappeared within the house.

"That man has known her before, and loved her. It is no wonder."

The thought made the fragrant moonlit night no longer beautiful to him. It gave a doubtful gloom to the hopes which had an hour before sprung goldenly in his future.

They found the man moaning for water. They gave it to him, and, binding up his wound as well as they could, they conveyed

him to Mr. Salisbury's house. Molyneux did not stay, only to learn that Marion's arm had been dressed by a surgeon from town, and that she had retired to her room.

The man whom she had shot was taken in charge by one of the servant-girls, and tended through his illness of three or four weeks, probably with more care than he had ever before known—for he was one of the lowest class of poor whites of a slaveholding country.

As soon as he could walk he went away, saying never a word to anybody, but going off in the night, taking his own miserable horse, and the best horse in Mr. Salisbury's stable. But, though Mr. Salisbury mourned the loss of his animal, he would allow no search to be made for it.

They thought never to see the wretch again—and they did not, until one horrible day when they recognized his dead face staring upward from a field of horror.

CHAPTER III.

"I cannot tell, words cannot picture such a deadly fray;

We were caught up in the tempest,—all was whirl, and rush, and roar;

And some went up in fiery chariots, dropping off the clay;

And some, like me, fell backwards, cast like wrecks upon the shore."

MARION was more ill than she had expected. A low fever accompanied the wound, and she sat in forced idleness in the large lounging-chair, or she lay hours upon the lounge, motionless—too listless to wish to move.

Floyd was always with her when she was able to stay in the parlor. He saw that she could not talk, but he could not deny himself the pleasure of sitting with her—so he read to her, unmindful whether she listened or not, so that he was with her; or he sat in silence, working up some sketches he had made on the way thither.

His life in Boston had suddenly grown very flat and unsatisfactory after the Salisburys had gone, and one day he started for a trip across the country—feeling during the journey that every mile brought him nearer to the woman he could not forget, though his love might be hopeless.

The two were in the shady parlor one day. Floyd was reading some poem; and Marion, lying by the viny window, was

dreamily listening to the musical intonation, hardly comprehending the words, when a hand parted the leaves, and a spray of fragrant snowy flowers was dropped upon the fingers of Marion.

Her eyes opened quickly, and saw the face of Molyneux, with softened glance looking down at her. Did he see the quickly subdued flash of pleasure which gave for a moment such unwonted eagerness to Marion's eyes?

She touched tenderly the blooms, inhaling their sweetness, as she said:

"Will you not come in, Mr. Molyneux?"

He saw that Floyd was there—he always was, and the Frenchman felt like cursing him, as he thought it. No, he would not come in, but he would stay by the window, for he had something to tell Marion, and he must see her face as he told it.

Floyd had ceased reading—he was lounging by the table at the other end of the room—apparently careless, but feeling some indefinite premonition of gloom, as he always felt when Molyneux was near.

Had Marion possessed her usual strength she would have been calm, the sweet calm which, while it does not encourage, still imperceptibly lures, it is so kind. But while Marion endeavored to still the fluttering pulses under that intense gaze, she felt in every fibre the near presence of this man whose love she knew, if she had never been told.

Molyneux spoke in a low voice:

"My life has been one of alternate happiness and despair for the last month. It is impossible that I can endure it longer. Then, too, I am not wholly devoid of patriotism—so to-day I joined Fremont's troops."

Marion listened with vehement rebellious emotion, but her face grew hard and cold. She could not know how, to this proud and passionate man, the pain of doubt was still less than that of certain despair—how, unless he were surer of her love, he could risk a refusal.

"You did well," she said; "the rebels are getting powerful here. My brother is half resolved to leave his plow for the musket."

Molyneux felt his heart freezing. He had, indeed, hoped that she would manifest at least the solicitude of warm friendship.

"Then you wish me to go?" he asked.

She knew that if she was not ice she would betray her interest in this man who

had never said he loved her. She looked up with a distant repelling light in her eyes, and replied:

"Certainly; why not? I deem it every man's duty and his glory to serve his country."

O, why should two hearts thus misunderstand and torture each other?

"I only waited for your approval," said Molyneux, his mercurial nature frozen to a degree of calmness that astonished him.

"And now good-by."

He turned to go, and Marion's adieu was on her lips, when Floyd, who could not help hearing Marion's last words, came forward, saying:

"Was Miss Salisbury urging you to join Fremont, Molyneux?"

"On the contrary, I was telling her that I had joined him."

Floyd looked sharply at the two; it appeared to him that he had been wrong in supposing this man loved Marion, or that he had just been rejected—which, he could not possibly decide.

Molyneux lingered an instant longer, his eyes upon the graceful figure and proud cold face—the dearest face in the world—and yet this girl did not love him—could she ever look so if she did? Then he said once more adieu, and walked from the house.

Marion did not look after him, though she felt, with a deadly faintness at heart, as if he were going from her forever. Something in her manner crushed back the words that rushed to the lips of her companion. He returned in silence to his book, clasping fast to his soul a dearer hope than he had known for months.

Suddenly there was a sound of hurrying steps along the path, a bound across the piazza, and Walter burst into the room, his hair tossed back, his cheeks and eyes glowing.

Marion clasped tightly her hands over her heavily throbbing heart. She knew now that she was to bear the second blow of that day.

"I have done it, Marion!" he cried, throwing himself on a footstool by her side. "My duty and my enthusiasm saw no other path; and the rebels are cursedly active of late. I belong to Fremont's Body Guard, and I go away this very afternoon."

He looked up in Marion's pale controlled face, and read there something of her pain.

"You do not disapprove, Marion?" he

asked, tenderly touching the hand near him. She put her other hand on his head; her voice was very low and clear, though it grew tremulous.

"I do not disapprove, but, O Walter, I suffer!"

Quick tears suffused the eyes of her brother. He murmured hurried words of love and comfort, conscious all the time of a pang of pain more severe than even he had imagined. But, if Marion suffered, she was not weak, and Walter went from her, strengthened to his *hasty preparations for departure*.

"I shall not be quartered far away—I shall come to you often, at least, for the present," he said.

He turned, at the door, to speak to Floyd, but he had stepped out of the low window at the beginning of the interview, and was now walking up and down the garden, his thoughts full of the same resolve that had so stirred the minds of the two men he had seen this morning.

Marion's health and strength came to her this time when she so needed them. The days went monotonously on, save for the wild rumors of skirmishes and fights. Through them all Marion heard no word from Molyneux, only of him when her brother mentioned him in his letters, for they were in the same company.

Not a week from the time Walter and Molyneux went away, Floyd had gone to join them. He carried with him a remembrance of a warm moonlit garden, of a night on whose breath floated the perfume of greenery and bloom, and beyond all, rose in the gloom lighted by moonrays, the picturesque mountains.

In that garden he had stood with Marion, and that which so long filled his heart found utterance in words. He could not but remember that sudden look which came to her eyes—a look half-rebellious and half-supplicating, as if she had suffered already too many struggles. At his first word, she had put out her hand with a gesture of entreaty that had almost stayed the impetuous words rushing to be spoken.

"Miss Salisbury—Marion—do I offend you?" he asked, with a tender respect that pierced her sensitive nature.

She struggled for the *self-command* that had now become a constant necessity to her. She stood before him, more beautiful to him than anything else in the world—dearer than

life—and spoke that which he knew was irrevocable, which forever forbade the realization of his hopes.

"It cannot be an offence that you offer love to me," she began; "no woman could name it that! But, O Mr. Floyd, I am so sorry!"

Her voice trembled and broke; tears that could not then be controlled sprang to her eyes. With an impulsive movement she covered her face with her hands, feeling that, unhappy as she had been, this was the bitterest moment of all. The tender noble nature of Floyd responded worthily. His own lips were tremulous with this agony, as he said, slowly, and with effort:

"I do not blame you, Marion. My fate has willed that my one love should not be happiness. And yet, God knows I am not sorry that I love you. These tears, that are for you and me, will be sweet to remember."

There was a moment of silence; then she felt his lips on her hair and forehead, and he murmured:

"God keep thee, beloved!" and she heard his rapid footsteps down the path, and through the gate.

Now, in the camp life that could not but be lonely to him, that picture of this woman, as she stood with him then, brought him that powerful sensation so strangely mingled of happiness and intolerable regret. And Marion was left alone with her father and her work, which she made as lengthy each day as she could, glad of the fatigue which brought sleep to her eyes at night.

So days went on. September changed to October—a march of golden days—a triumph of the summer's silent working. The friends of the Salisburys were a hundred miles away, but around Springfield the rebels were gathering. Still Marion felt no fear. She could not fear for herself, only when, at long intervals, word came from the brother and son, then an agonized leap of the heart, a gasping breath before she knew what the word was, showed her the dreadful power of suffering she possessed.

They had been plundered of half their cattle; hardly a day passed but one of the servant-girls came in in breathless panic, to tell of some new depredations, or that she had seen some ragged gray-coated ruffian prowling near. Mr. Salisbury hardly dared to leave the house an hour. His crops were despoiled, his farm little more than a waste. In those days, he thought regretfully of the

New England home where he might have left his daughter; for himself he cared little. The family were urged to come into the town, and leave their house; but neither father nor daughter felt the necessity of a removal.

One day in that bright October, which none near that town could ever forget, Mr. Salisbury came hurrying in from the fields, flung open the doors rapidly in his search for his daughter, and when he found her he exclaimed:

"There is no mistake now; the rebels are in large numbers in the woods yonder, and are stationed each side of the creek-road. And they say Zagoni's men are marching this way. There'll be an encounter before night."

"Zagoni's men," meant much to father and daughter, for among them were their dearest and best. The Dutch girl, whose work Marion was superintending, let fall her broom, and opened her lips in a shrill scream. Marion's face grew pale; this news was what her heart had dreaded every hour for weeks.

"They have said the Body-Guard have been marching this way several times before," she said, in that constrained voice which betokens rigid self-command.

"Yes; but I have an impression this report is true this time," responded her father. Then after a moment of silence, he said, as if speaking to himself:

"All day there has been a weight like ice upon my heart. We will be prepared to attend to the wounded."

Marion did not reply, but soon all the household were preparing bandages, tearing cloths, and hunting for any necessities of sickness.

The sun was beginning its western path—its mellow light still fell on quiet scenes. The rebels were still stationed as at first. Mr. Salisbury wandered restlessly about his grounds, seeing with indifferent eyes some of his remaining cattle driven off by rebel foragers. He entered the room where Marion sat at the window, her hands fast clasped, her face turned toward the silent road.

"I cannot endure this!" cried her father, with a man's impatience.

Even as he spoke, through that golden autumn air came the rushing sound of galloping horses; they even thought they could hear the faint clattering of sabres—the echo of the shout, "Fremont and the Union!"

Marion rose to her feet without volition of her own; her heart gave one suffocating throb, then seemed as if it had stood still forever. A rattling sound of musketry came on the air. It was the rebels' welcome to the Body-Guard. Mr. Salisbury caught from the shelf Marion's opera-glass—that toy of so many happy hours of song and gaslight.

"I am going out to the hill back of the road, you know; I must see them. I shall be safe," was his rapid reply to Marion's detaining hand.

"I will go with you," she said, and threw her shawl over her shoulders.

He hesitated for an instant, then said:

"It's probably as safe as it is here. Come then;" and he took her hand, and the two ran through their pillaged cornfield, and panted up the hill, which gave them a partial view of the battle.

Between the reports, they heard the tramp of the horses, and now they saw the terrible path through which those horses were going. That little body of two hundred men were riding through a horrible fire from a double column beyond the reach of their sabres. Five hundred guns were sending death upon them.

Their horses plunge and leap, riders topple and fall, with deep red streams staining their garments, and carrying life away in their currents. How lurid has that golden sunshine become! They cannot see this enemy through the trees, but to the east, over the small hills, there are fifteen hundred rebels awaiting them. Who that heard Zagonyi's voice then could ever forget it? and the shout, "Follow me, my brave boys!" thrilled through the boiling blood of every guardsman, as they rushed on.

The man and woman on the hill saw it all, and knew that their best beloved were among those horsemen. Now the cavalry have passed through that fire of horror, and have stopped before a fence separating them from the enemy. Four dismount to let the fence down, bullets whistling and comrades falling around them. It is a false fancy that makes Marion think one of those lithe figures is Camille Molyneux? He does not fall, but mounts and dashes away to the charge with the rest of them. Mr. Salisbury's voice at last bursts from his lips:

"Horrible! Incomparably glorious!"

Marion could not have spoken. She sees the overwhelming vehemence with which

the guard, with Zagoni at their head, throw themselves upon the rebels—that the rebels break, and then gather, then break and fly over the fields, through the woods, along the road, with the cavalry thundering after them. And there is left the field of battle.

"Let us go back," said Mr. Salisbury; and they went in silence back to the house, and waited a while, hoping in trembling agonized expectancy that son or friend might come to them.

Sometimes they saw one of the guard ride by, but no familiar face appeared. So, at last, Mr. Salisbury, suddenly seeming like an old man, rose, and turning to Marion, said:

"Let us find Walter."

Taking water and wine with them, they went forth, followed by the servants, and by Mr. Salisbury's day laborers. Marion felt strong—the strength that almost always comes with necessity. Parched lips were refreshed by water from the hands of this girl and her father. Half way through their search, and Marion heard a low exclamation from her father, who had knelt down by the side of a prostrate man.

With a frozen heart Marion came nearer, and saw that on her father's arm rested the blonde head, the marble face of Floyd. One glance told her that those blue eyes were closed never to open again; that the noble heart that had loved in vain, had gone to its recompense. Though her soul was pierced, she could not be sorry, for she felt that he was glad.

Mr. Salisbury reverently laid the head back upon the sod, and pursued his search for his son. A ray of light fell upon bright hair and beard but a few yards away. The father's heart seemed choking him. In a moment more his son's head was on his breast, his entreating eyes fixed on that pallid face.

Marion took the hands of her brother in her own, scarcely less cold. Walter opened his eyes; a soft sweet smile curved his lips as he met those glances; he spoke feebly:

"I knew I should live till you came—I was sure you'd come. Heaven bless you!" Then an instant after, to himself, "O, the wild charge they made!"

A brilliant smile, fleeting as brilliant, and Walter Salisbury had given to his country all he had. The father sat quiet and silent, holding the face of his son close to his heart.

It seemed to Marion that her life was

dropping away with the crimson drops that had oozed slowly from the ghastly wound in Walter's side. She still felt conscious of some superhuman strength to endure. Lifting her eyes from that long look at her brother's face, their first glance rested upon the form of a rebel near her, whose rigid features were familiar, but it was several minutes before she knew him to be the one once wounded by her pistol shot. He, too, was dead.

She rose from Walter's side, urged on by fear and hope. With her canteen of water in her hand, she went among the wounded—one face, dark and handsome, plain in her thoughts through all this woe. At last, leaning against a tree, with his hand held fast to his side, she saw a figure that stirred her congealed pulses. A moment after, she had come softly behind him, and said, lowly:

"Do you want some water?"

Molyneux turned his head, and over his deadly pallor there came the sweeping tide of crimson, called by that voice.

"I am very thirsty," he said.

She held the water to his lips with untrembling hand. Then she stanchd his wound, as she had seen him do when she had wounded the rebel. His eyes devoured her face. Strangely, she felt a glow of something like happiness thrill through her misery.

He took her hand, and pressed it to his burning lips with a fervor that warmed its chilliness, that held an age of passionate feeling. Every pang of suspicion, of jealous doubt, fled from him in the intoxication of this unexpected meeting. He forgot his wound. He only knew that Marion's glance was once more upon him—her presence penetrating to the depths beyond all other depths. That presence infused strength into his frame; even then began the recuperating from his wound, and from the fatigue which all the guard must have felt after the long ride, and then their terrible charge.

Days after, lying on his couch at Mr. Salisbury's, he told to the girl who had so often sat by his side, the story of his love, his doubts, his passionate despair. Told it, clasping tightly the hand dearest to him, the hand so soon to be his own.

"I could not tell you that I did not love Floyd—that I did love you," said Marion, who could not have been otherwise than she was to this man whom she loved when he had not declared his love.

“I should have risked all, knowing that otherwise I never could win,” he said. Then, as he saw Mr. Salisbury’s prematurely bent figure upon the piazza, “Heaven helping me, I will be a good son to our father.”

As soon as possible, the three returned to the East, bringing with them the bodies they could not bear should rest in that far soil—all that was left of the two who rode to death that day.